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"Faggots and flints! the boyee 'll be chewed up," exclaimed the bear-tamer, in great excitement. "Let go, yur durned varmint; let go, er—"

OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER; OR, THE Wild Huntress of the Rocky Mountains.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Nephew of Old Grizzly Adams, and author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper," "The Blackfoot Queen; or, Old Nick Whistles in the Valley of Death," etc.

CHAPTER I. THE SACRIFICE.

"HARK, had! thar they go ag'in!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, slightly leaning forward in an attitude of intense listening. "I tell you them Blackfeet ar' in one uv the cantankerous tantrums 'bout somethin', an' I should judge from the yells thet somebody war 'bout seein' sights. They've got a prisoner, an', what's more, they're powerful glad on it."

The companion of the old hunter, and to whom this remark was addressed, was a young man of some eighteen or nineteen years of age, of remarkably fine physical development, which

was shown to great advantage by his closely-fitting suit of buckskin, and upon whose handsome face there rested a look of eager anticipation.

The two were standing just within a line of bushes that fringed a slight eminence, with their faces turned down the valley from whence came the yells that had attracted their attention.

These sounds had continued for some time, momentarily increasing not only in volume, but in fierceness, until, at the moment when Old Grizzly had spoken, the very air was trembling with their volume.

To the ears of the experienced hunter there

meaning was perfectly plain; hence his assertion that they were yells of rejoicing over the capture of a prisoner.

"The village is close by," he continued, "an' I'll bet my old moccasins ag'in a piece of parflech thet the whole tribe ar' out an' at it."

"A prisoner!" ejaculated the young hunter. "And perhaps they are torturing him at this moment! Come, let us forward; we may rescue the poor wretch!"

And without waiting to see the effect of his remarks, the impetuous youth started forward, carrying his rifle at a trail.

For a moment Old Grizzly stood as if struck dumb, but, quickly recovering, he sprang forward,

ward, and laying his brawny hand on his young companion's shoulder, suddenly brought him to a standstill.

"Ar' ye mad, boy, thet ye would run y'ur head into thet nest uv rattlers?" he asked, somewhat sternly. "I tell ye thet the whole tribe ar' out, an' what's worse, the blood's up. Do ye think thet two men kin face a hundred uv the imps an' not lose the'r hair? Why, I'm ashamed on ye. What's the good uv all my trainin' el y'n'r' to lose y'ur head this way?"

It was rarely that the old hunter gave way to such evidences of temper, especially toward his young companion, who was the very apple of his eye.

Old Grizzly Adams, the bear-tamer, so well-known in after years in connection with his pet, Sampeon, had made the acquaintance of Alfred Badger some two or three years previous, and formed for him the strongest friendship. This had grown with the growth of the boy, so that in the intervening time he had learned to look upon him as his own son, had kept him constantly by his side, learned him the proper use of weapons, and instructed him in the arts and wiles of border warfare.

Upon the part of the young man this affection was strongly reciprocated, and he had come to regard the word or command of his friend as law in all matters appertaining to their wild life.

When the boat reached St. Louis, Charcey took his wife and their little charge to the theater.

Madame Thorne, a popular actress, was to be the *Mrs. Hatter* of the evening.

The house was crowded by a fashionable audience; diamonds and bright eyes flashed in rivalry, and the atmosphere was agreeably sweet with a hundred perfumes. All this amazed little Romney, and pleased her, too, and when the orchestra rolled out an intoxicating, ravishing, delicious strain from "Il Trovatore," she clapped her hands with delight, and, but for Grace's interference, would have shouted her pleasure aloud.

The trio occupied a private box to the left of the stage, and had a fine opportunity of scanning the glittering auditorium.

After the overture had ceased, the prompter's bell tinkled musically; then the foot-lights flashed up, and with a great rustle, the green baize curtain flew up behind the proscenium arch, and the play was on.

Grace became at once interested in the pathetic story the players were relating, but Chauncey had seen it so often before that he felt no interest whatever, and so he turned his *torgnette* toward the dress circle, and contented himself with languidly viewing the rows of beauties within range of his vision.

Presently Mrs. Hatter spoke, and he almost started from his seat. The voice was full of pathos, rich, ripe, and well-modulated by years of study, but he recognized it at once—it was the voice of Elinor Gregg!

When he turned his gaze upon the stage, a film came between him and her, but it passed away directly, and then his eyes confirmed the evidence of his ears; it was really Elinor Gregg.

There could be no mistaking that—the same dark, lovely, beautiful woman he had driven from him eight years before. She looked up into the box as she passed off the stage, but did not seem to recognize her betrayer; and he, feeling his guilt, and fearing discovery, shrunk back behind the lace curtains and remained there, partially concealed, until the fifth act terminated; then, with his brain in a whirl, and his heart throbbing excitedly, he folded his wife's warm wrappings about her delicate shoulders, and without seeming to hear Grace's praise of Madame Thorne, hurried out of the theater.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

VAN TAGGART went home to his mother in tears, and told her, as best he could, how he had lost little Romney forever.

Mrs. Taggart cried very hard at first, and then, as she always did, took a second and more cheerful view of the matter.

"She will come back on the boat, Van," she said, "the captain will be sure and bring her back with him."

Van was doubtful of this for a time, but finally began to think it possible, and ere the third day had passed he found himself searching the columns of the *Enquirer* for news of the "Magnolia."

At last he commenced to trace her return in the river dispatches. Now she stopped at Evansville for leaf land; again he heard of her coming through the canal at Louisville, and then on the tenth day of her absence the *Times* noted her arrival at Madison.

There was only one hundred miles between Van and Romney now, or at least he hoped that such was the case, and he could do nothing but wander along the wharf and look eagerly for every new arrival.

It was close to sunset of the tenth day, when Van described the stately *Magnolia* rounding the point below the City Gas Works. He found some difficulty now in keeping out of the water—he had such a wild, boyish desire, to swim out and meet Romney before the crowd of hackmen and runners could swarm into the cabin—and he witnessed of the meeting, which he felt would be—at least on his side—tender and tearful.

But, however delicious a private interview would have been to the little enthusiast, the risk was altogether too great, and so he contented himself with standing at the very brink of the river, and every now and then waving his cap at the approaching steamer.

When there was but fifty yards between the *Magnolia* and the shore, a little fairy form, robed in rich raiment and looking like an angel, tripped out on the gang—recognizing Van at once, began shouting to him and waving her snowy apron, too, by way of a salute.

It would be a vain task to describe the meeting of Romney and Van. They both shouted and laughed, and then cried—cried partly because of their joy, and partly because of their past grief, and partly because that tears came easy, and words were hard to get out.

After the first outburst had subsided, Van held Romney out at arm's length, and surveyed her from head to foot with a critical eye.

"You're dressed durned nice," he said, at length. "Whose clothes?"

"These are mine now," replied Romney. "Mrs. Watterson made me a gift of them. Don't you think I look pretty?"

Yes, Van thought she looked very pretty—prettier than ever he had seen her look before, but he was not pleased, after all.

He felt that strangers had done a good deal more for the girl in ten days than he had done in eight years, and he was a little jealous that any person, other than himself, should be kind to her, and have this to say: "I would buy you good clothes, too, if I only had the money," he said, with a sigh.

The girl looked into his serious face with wondering eyes, and child though she was, detected the truth.

"You've bought me many nice things—and—and—besides, I'd rather have you with old clothes than anybody."

Van Taggart stooped down and kissed his foster-sister, and then, boy-like, blushed to the temples and told her to "come on."

She could not go without her violin; nor without saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Watterson, who had been so kind that she could not help loving them some; and so Van accompanied her back into the cabin, where she met those of whom she was in quest.

Grace, robed in rich pearl-colored silk, knelt down on the soft velvet carpet and would her snowy arms around Romney, kissing her on either cheek, and saying, finally: "Wouldn't you like to come and live with me?"

Romney looked uneasily at Van, who stood at a little distance swinging his cap backward and forward, his eyes riveted on the carpet and his cheeks glowing with blushes.

"I couldn't go away from Van and Mama Taggart," she said; "but, I like you, too, and sometime Van and me will come and play for you. Won't we?"

This query was directed at Van, who managed to stammer out that he would be glad to do so, if the lady cared for music.

Grace liked music very much, she replied, and nothing would please her better than to have Van and Romney come out to her place at Clifton, and play for her and Chauncey as often as twice a week.

"You see, we have no children," Grace said, "and we like children very much indeed."

This was then settled, and Romney and Van bid the Wattersons' good-by and hurried off to Rat Row, where Mrs. Taggart had a little fest of welcome spread, and where the evening was spent in Mrs. Taggart and Van listening to the little wanderer's account of her travels.

When, however, they retired that night, Van appeared more serious than usual, and maintained this demeanor until the third day; when they all arose quite early, and the children started for Clifton full of gleeful anticipations.

With some difficulty they found Bolton Place, the suburban residence of the Wattersons. It was a grand old house, with innumerable wings, a columned colonnade, and two tapering minarets ending in gilded globes, which glittered in the sunlight like balls of fire. A low stone wall overgrown with sweetbriar skirted the vast estate on the east and south, but there was no need for any defense or guard on the north and west, since Bolton House stood on the top of a high hill which sloped north and west into Mill Creek Valley.

"It's a grand place, ain't it?" said Van, after passing the little white lodge of the porter.

"Yes, it's so nice," replied Romney.

"Listen how the birds sing. They never sing that way down at the Row, do they?"

No, he never had heard them sing that way at the Row, nor indeed, for that matter, he had never heard them sing at the Row at all, and there was a sadness in his voice when he said, a moment after: "The Row is a gloomy old den, an' it ain't fit for nobody to live in."

Grace was very glad to see the young minstrels; she took them all through the fine house; served them a bounteous lunch in her own room; astonished them with the costliness and grandeur of the drawing-room; dazzled their eager eyes with myriads of flowers in the mammoth glass conservatory, where no end of cascades leaped out of mossy bank and over artificial mountain-peaks, falling into crystal basins flecked with water-lilies.

At last, after a survey of the premises, the children played some of Mozart's sweetest music from the sprightliest of all his compositions, "Don Giovanni," and then Grace treated them to a *Trille of Balse* on the piano; after thanking her for which, the minstrels walked into the city, highly delighted with Bolton Place and its mistress.

This was especially true of Romney, who never seemed to tire of praising Grace, nor of expatiating on the beauties of her rural home, while Van acquiesced in every thing she said, but grew more silent and moody every day.

Before a great many days had elapsed from the date of the first visit, Romney and Van went out to Bolton Place again, and passed an enjoyable time, and on the succeeding day Chauncey Watterson astonished the denizens of Rat Row by making a formal call on Mrs. Taggart.

He remained a long while; and when he went off at last Mrs. Taggart was crying.

Ere she could remove the traces of her grief, Romney and Van came home, and then she told them frankly what Chauncey had said to her concerning Romney.

"He wants to adopt you," she said, "and take you away from us."

"But I won't go," and this was said in a prompt and decided manner.

"That's what I told him," said Mrs. Taggart—"that you would never go," and then the girl and woman were folded close in each other's arms.

Van did not speak, but sat apart, silent and moody.

Before the children slept that night, Mrs. Taggart related to the mystified Romney the story of her advent in Rat Row, winding up the narrative, at last, by saying: "But, no real mother ever loved a real daughter better than I love you, and Van, there, I'm sure, thinks more of you than most brothers think of their sisters."

This romantic revelation did not impress the girl as it would have done an older person, but, when she kissed Van "good night," an hour later, she blushed unconsciously, and felt very much like crying because he was not her real brother.

After she was fast asleep, Van, who always sat up later, said to his mother, in a calm, serious voice:

"It ain't right to keep Romney in this place, when she has a chance to do so much better."

Mrs. Taggart opened her eyes in astonishment, and replied: "But, we couldn't give her up to strangers—we would be so lonesome for her."

"We are strangers to her, too," he said, after a pause, "and what's our lonesomeness got to do with it? It appears selfish to keep her down because by giving her up we would suffer a little. If she 'misses' this 'chance,' she'll suffer a good deal more than we will."

"But, Van, I thought you liked her too much to give her up?"

"So I does," he replied, his eyes filling; "better than anybody can guess—better than I can tell; and because I do like her, that's why I would sacrifice my feelings to see her get on in the world."

"And you would advise her to go to Bolton Place?"

"Yes, an' I'll go out in the morning and tell them she will go."

He broke down now, and, ashamed of his tears, turned his face to the wall.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

Bessie Raynor:

THE FACTORY GIRL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BLOW.

THAT night when Minerva Ames sprang from Malcolm Arlington's carriage, at the door of her father's house, she hardly bade the banker good-night. She hurriedly entered the mansion, not asking her lover to come in. Her mind seemed occupied with some dark topic.

Mr. Arlington wondered at this strange conduct, and his brow grew black. He was recalling the scene at the old fortune-tell-

er's, was thinking of Mother Moll's ominous words.

Had those words startled Minerva? Had they turned her thoughts from him? The image of Lorin Gray arose in his mind; Malcolm Arlington knew him well enough. A bitter feeling of jealousy took possession of him.

Had he—this common millman, a place in the bosom of the aristocratic Minerva?

The banker drove slowly away with these dark thoughts in his soul. He determined this very night to know more of the strange affair. He was well aware of an old-time rumor, that Minerva Ames held the operative in high esteem; but now, she had given him her heart and hand!

When Minerva was in the house, she hurried by the parlor, and ascended the stairs to her room. Within her chamber, she flung her hat and shawl upon the bed, and sunk into a chair.

After sitting for several moments she exclaimed, bitterly:

"Oh! Heavens! what can all this mean! Father! father! you are to blame for this! You have led the millstone around my neck! Yet, oh! bright thought, is it too late, even now, to say nay to Malcolm Arlington? Can I not, at this late time, go back to Lorin?"

She paused as the thought came to her; a bright glow sprang to her cheek; a sparkle of enthusiasm and hope to her eye.

But, these signs of emotion passed away, as suddenly as they had kindled.

"No, no!" she cried. "The die is cast! I can not relinquish my position in society; I can not become the wife of a man who is unable to support me, in ease and luxury. My purpose is fixed; my heart is settled. I am—"

She suddenly ceased her murmurings, as the bell rung with a loud, startling clangor.

"Who can it be?" she muttered. "Father is out. Can it be Malcolm Arlington, distrust my silence and queer conduct toward him. Come to chide me, too—Ha, Mary?" she exclaimed, as that moment, after a premonitory rap, the girl opened the door.

A gentleman, who wishes to see you, ma'am.

"He sent Mary,"

"He sent none," he seemed to be in a great hurry, "ma'am."

"Ah! This all right then, Mary," and Minerva, dismissing the servant, arose. For an instant she looked like one bewildered. But she turned to the mirror, hastily rearranged her somewhat disordered tresses, and with a sweeping scrutiny of her superb person, left her chamber and descended the stairs.

She paused as she stood at the parlor door, she had heard the heavy, heavy tread of a man inside. Her hand trembled as it rested on the bolt.

But, summoning all her resolution, she opened the door and stood within the room. She started wildly as her gaze fell on the tall, brawny figure of a coarsely-clad man. His back was toward her. But, at that instant, he turned.

"You, you Lorin Gray!" she said, in a deep, indignant voice, a voice severe and harsh. "What would you have?"

The man strode toward her, his face a wild scene of contending emotions. A moment and he had reached her; then he was upon his knees before her. Ere she could prevent him, he had clasped her hand in his.

There was a bitter, yearning glance in his eye; but a storm of words was upon his lips. He could not quell that storm; it burst forth like a surcharged mountain torrent.

"Oh! Minerva!" he cried, in a voice of anguish. "Oh! don't you know me? That horrid revelation is false! Say that the scheme was concocted between you and my old mother! Say that she spoke but to wean me from you! Oh! Minerva, I heard all, ay, every word, every syllable! And I have hurried hither to learn from you the truth, to hear you brand the whole dreadful thing as false. Oh! Minerva, I love you! I can not live without you. I may be poor; but I'll work for you, slave for you. Say that you have not flung me off! Speak, speak Minerva, I implore you!"

For a moment there was a bitter struggle in the bosom of Minerva Ames. A wild storm was sweeping over her, too. Then it was gone. The working, twitching features grew calm; the eyes became like stone in the steadiness of their stare, and an iron-like rigidity contracted her features.

With a sudden gesture, she wrenched her hand from his, and answered:

"Are you crazed, Lorin Gray? Or do you foolishly, madly dream that you can thus come into my presence and speak such words to me? Am I to blame that you should thus act? Have I, out of gratitude, for a service you once rendered me, and for which money was offered you, falsely led you on? No, no. You are certainly presuming to make use of such language to me. Surely you have forgotten, that between you and myself, a wide gulf stretches; that you are a common workman—I, a banker's daughter. No, Lorin Gray; let me hear no more of this. I am the promised wife of Mr. Malcolm Arlington. Now, my good man, you had better begone."

She waived him contemptuously away.

Lorin Gray slowly arose to his feet. His head was still bowed—perhaps to conceal the wild tempest of passion which was speeding like a hurricane over his face. He clutched his hands one in the other, as if by his giant's strength he would crush back the agony which was rending his soul.

Then, as he reared his form to its full height, he raised his face until his eyes met hers.

Minerva Ames never forgot that look. She shuddered in her inmost bosom.

Then the man spoke:

"I have heard you, Minerva, and I bow obedience to your words. I did love you, as man never loved woman; but my love has gone forever!"

The girl started.

"I was presumptuous, Minerva; yet I never forgot that I was a poor workman, and an honest man. I thought, too, that in this broad, fair land of ours, where worth and honesty, truth and virtue should be recognized, and where I know them to dwell, that the barrier which society and money have erected between the classes—between you and I, Minerva, might be removed. I was mistaken! I loved you honestly, not for the money you would have brought me, not for the position you could have given me; for money I can make, and I claim no other position than that I hold—that of an honest, God-fearing man. But, my love for you has been crushed, forever crushed. It exists no longer. God knows I would be happy in seeing you happy, and that you may be, I'll always pray. I am grateful for

the kindness you have shown me, and for the consideration with which you have always treated me. I can never forget the hours of serene, unclouded joy I have spent in this house, in the sunshine of your presence. Yet, Minerva, I was deceived when I thought that I could love none other than you. The barrier between you and myself was too high to be climbed; I should have known it. Now, that it is reared still higher, even beyond where my vision can penetrate, my heart turns to another, the right one, as, alas! I have learned too late."

Minerva started violently as his closing words fell on her ear. Her face paled. Her eyes stared at him, and she strove to speak; but her tongue refused her utterance.

"There is a poor girl here, but one as pure and pretty as Lawrence can boast, one with a sweet face and an angel's heart, who, like myself, is poor. She works in the mill, too. From her honest, love I turned, long ago, to you. Her dying father gave her into my care. I have been wickedly false to my trust. I will seek her. Farewell, Minerva; may Heaven's choicest blessings be yours! I go to Bessie Raynor!"

"Bessie Raynor? Good heavens! Oh, Lorin, I will—"

But the millman, suddenly seizing his hat, left the room. A moment and the front door closed.

He was gone, never more to return as the suitor of Minerva Ames.

The banker's daughter had sprung toward him as he uttered his last words; but, when she heard the door close, she sunk to the floor in a swoon.

Lorin Gray had not proceeded ten paces from the residence when, suddenly, a tall form stood in his way, and a strong hand clutched him by the arm. He started back, and, in a moment, had assumed the defensive.

"Hold, fellow, and answer me!" exclaimed the other, in a deep voice of passion. "I saw all through the window. I saw you take Minerva Ames' hand; I saw you speaking appealing words to her. Tell me how dare you do such a thing; tell me, or I'll chastise you at once!"

He strengthened his grasp as he uttered the words.

Lorin Gray's blood boiled in his veins. "I know you, Mr. Arlington," he said, in a low, menacing voice. "But I'll answer you, nor any man, by threats. Out of my way, or take the consequences!"

"Hold, fellow, I say, or—"

He raised his cane threateningly over the millman's shoulders.

Lorin Gray did not wait. He sprang forward, and, seizing his opponent by the shoulders, hurled him, like a puppet, to the pavement. Without waiting to see the consequences, he strode on.

Malcolm Arlington, discomfited and defeated, slowly arose, and shaking his clenched hand after the operative, muttered, in a hissing tone:

"By heaven! you shall pay for this! Oh, Minerva!"

CHAPTER XXX.

STUNG TO THE QUICK.

LORIN GRAY, with his eyes fixed steadily before him, hurried on. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He had almost forgotten, though only a few moments had passed, his encounter with Malcolm Arlington. His soul was full of wild passions, and under a sudden impulse, a sudden recollection of neglected duties, he strode forward, bent on the consummation of one object. He was soon in Canal street, and then on the smaller way, overhanging the sluggish water on which was situated the *River mansion*.

When he had reached the humble home where Bessie and her brother lived, his heart beat tumultuously for a moment. He had undergone much that night, enough, truly, to try him, but his blood leaped madly along his veins. He would not stop now. He had been negligent of a holy task; he had not encouraged the love of a pure and gentle maiden. This night, this hour, he would make amends.

He rapped on the door.

It will be remembered that we left Bessie sinking in a swoon on the floor of her brother's room, after seeing that the chest was empty, that chest in which she expected her wealth, to find that which would take her and her crippled brother out of the din and clatter of the Pemberton Mill.

She lay for several moments there, as one dead. The wounded brother could not assist her; he could not now summon that supernatural strength which enabled him to rise from his bed and stand between the vengeful knife of Nancy Hunt and his sister.

He lay there and prayed God for help.

Bessie slowly recovered, and crept again to her brother's bedside.

Then, between these two lone ones a long, earnest, heart-confiding conversation ensued, and conjointly they lifted their feeble voices and committed themselves to His care, to Him who had promised shelter to the shorn and fated for the fatherless. Then a holy calm rested over them. Bessie Raynor, worn out and exhausted, leaned her head upon the bed and slept.

An hour and a half sped by, when Bessie suddenly awakened. A rap had sounded on the door.

A shade of fear came to the girl's face.

"Who can it be?" she murmured. "Tis late, and—oh! heavens, can it be Black Phil! Heaven preserve me! In his hands I am powerless."

Another rap, louder, and as if impatient, echoed in the room below.

"I must go!" she continued.

Tremblingly she took up the lamp, and with an inward, heart-felt invocation for her safety, she stole from the room and descended the stairs.

In a moment, she was in the room in which her dead father had lain. The window of that room was up, that the apartment might be aired.

Bessie fearfully went to the door and opened it.

"You, Lorin!" and she started back, yet there was relief, a half-concealed joy in her tones.

"Yes, Bessie, it is I," he said, at once entering and seating himself, as if exhausted, upon a chair.

Bessie Raynor soon recovered herself; a hard, half-stern frown came to her face, and she turned away, as if to leave the apartment.

"Oh! Bessie, have you no word for me?" exclaimed the millman, noting her movement, noting her face, and he half arose from the chair.

"What would you have, Lorin Gray? The hour is late, and I am a poor, lone girl, unprotected, undefended, and a sad, broken

hearted occupant of a house in which death has lately been! What would you have of me?"

The girl's words were like ice, and they were spoken calmly, quietly, dignifiedly.

Lorin Gray recoiled; his eyes seemed starting from his head, his broad chest rose and fell tumultuously. For a whole minute he gazed at her, as she stood, lamp in hand, half turning toward him.

"Can you not speak, Lorin Gray?" she asked, in a severe tone, "or have you lost utterance? Or," and her eyes flashed, after seeing her, and basking in her smiles, have you come hither to insult me in my poverty? Speak, I say, and then—we had better say good-night!"

It came hard to believe that this was the meek-eyed, gentle-faced Bessie Raynor who was speaking those bold, cutting words of sarcasm.

Lorin Gray started violently. His face first reddened, then paled. How had she known of his visit to the elegant mansion on Lawrence street? Had she seen him there, that night, and heard the words and witnessed the scene? If so, then, indeed, was he in her power.

He arose and approached her, but she again drew away.

"Why do you shun me, Bessie? Am I a villain, am I a leper, or am I not, as ever, your friend?"

"My friend? Why, Lorin Gray, do you so soon forget? I say again, the time is speeding; the time is late. I have a crippled brother, as you—"

"Oh, Bessie, you are cruel! Listen to me, dear Bessie! I come to renew my old vows to you, to respect the last directions of your dying father. I come to tell you, Bessie, that whatever has been my conduct during the last few days, my heart is in the right place, now that my eyes have indeed been opened. Oh, Bessie! I was deceived—deceived by my own heart—deceived and led on by a woman, who would win me and my love but to crush me, and to scorn it. I have been rudely awakened. I now know that I did not love Minerva Ames! Oh, Bessie, you and I have been together for many years; your father left you to my care; I will not bring discredit on that trust by neglecting it! Bessie, my heart is on fire, and I must speak! I love you, Bessie, you alone. Oh! say, darling, that you forgive me my waywardness; that you will pardon my transgression; that you will take me back again to your heart! Oh, Bessie, speak!"

As he spoke, he threw himself impulsively before her, and grasped her hand.

At that instant, a low, agonizing wail sounded faintly on the air and echoed in the room.

Then all was still.

But, Lorin Gray nor Bessie Raynor heard the wail for the old tree in the yard was sighing dolefully.

Slowly the girl recovered herself; she had been touched and shaken by his appeal. She disengaged her hand from his, and, stepping toward the staircase, said, in a low, deliberate tone:

"This can not be, Lorin! Let the past be buried; but, you and I must walk in separate paths. A time was, when"—she hesitated—"when, I'll not deny, Lorin, that you were dear to my heart. That time has gone by. You have deceived me, Lorin; yet, for the sake of old times and the joys of other days, we'll still be friends. And now, good-night."

Without waiting a moment—not even to receive his parting salutation, she turned from him and hurried up-stairs.

The young man stood like one in a dream, there in the solemn darkness of the room. Then, as a great sob, which he could not suppress, burst from him, he murmured: "Lost! lost!"

He staggered to the door, thence out into the inky darkness of the street.

That low wail came from Minerva Ames!

She had quickly recovered after Lorin Gray had left her father's mansion. A fire was burning in her soul. She could not remain in the house. "Bessie Raynor!" was ringing in her ears.

Headless of the hour, and of every thing else, she had stolen forth. Silently she had witnessed the encounter between her two lovers; and when, as Malcolm Arlington had turned off, she darted on in the footsteps of Lorin.

She kept him in sight, all the way, and, finally, saw him enter the home of Bessie Raynor. Then, through the open window, she had witnessed the thrilling scene within; and then sunk fainting to the pavement.

But, just then, a strong arm was reached out. It caught her, and buoyed her up.

"Be strong—be brave, Minerva," said a deep voice at her elbow—that voice, kindly, "I, too, have seen all! I followed you here. Now, darling, I hope you are cured of this fellow. Come; I'll see you home."

Minerva turned to the man.

"You are right—ay, very right!" and she fairly hissed the words. "If never before, now, at last, I'm yours, Malcolm Arlington! We'll begone."

The next day, as Lorin Gray, stern and sad-faced, stood at his frame in the Pemberton Mill, a gentleman of dignified appearance approached him, and placed a letter in his hand. He said he would

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THE HUNTER-AUTHOR, CAPTAIN J. P. C. ADAMS, AGAIN!

"The Wizard of the Pen," as he is now designated, in this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL gives us the opening chapters of

OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER, OR, THE WILD HUNTER OF THE HILLS.

Wherein the readers of forest and wilderness romance are once more to be made captives to the enchanting pen of the author of THE PHANTOM PRINCESS, whose issue created such a sensation among the *old-stock* writers. Coming from the hand of "Young Bruin Adams"—the veritable nephew of the veritable Old Grizzly, and with whom he had camped, and hunted, and explored, and fought Indians, for nearly five years, in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains—it was so new, so fresh, so life-like and expressive that it fell like a bomb in the midst of the hackneyed authors' stories of the Wilderness. In this his second contribution we have the famous Old Grizzly As a Bear Captor and Tamer, As a Hunter and Trapper, As a Scout and Indian-Fighter, As a Friend truer than steel, As an inveterate Joker and Wit, standing out as the real hero of a romance which involves several other singular and most impressive characters, viz.:

The Fierce Red Avenger;
The Mysterious Woman-Hunter;
The Beautiful Blackfoot Queen;
The Young Captive Ranger;
The Noble Indian Boy;
The Trained Bears;

all of whom are active participants in a series of acts and incidents which awaken a marvelous and intense interest, from the beginning. The story is so invested with the very life of the wild region of its locale that it reads like a veracious narrative. This is one of the characteristics of "Young Bruin's" style; you feel that he knows of what he speaks, and speaks from the fullness of his knowledge of the men and ways of the wild and remote West. If the Phantom Princess pleased and charmed readers this will excite and astonish them, and add another to the list of Captain Adams' memorable exploits, and make him a still greater favorite with the SATURDAY JOURNAL readers—for whom he writes exclusively.

Our Arm-Chair.

Just What it is Not.—A correspondent clips the following notice from a Philadelphia paper:

"Albert W. Aiken announces a new play at the Brooklyn Park Theater, entitled 'The Witches of New York,' which promises an unlimited supply of blood, bowie-knives, dance-houses, scalping, fire, etc., to the lovers of the chaste drama."

Some men are born to greatness; others have greatness thrust upon them; but the writer of the above earns his title to—well, say to making mistakes on purpose. He states just what "The Witches" are not. Possibly his readers understand his peculiar mode of paragraphing by contraries, and therefore make all necessary allowances; but, as the great public may chance upon the paragraph and be misled, we state that the drama is one of substantial literary merit and high dramatic quality—neither troubled with "blood and thunder" nor immoral moral—is most chastely and admirably rendered by an extremely carefully-selected company, and is destined to a widespread and a long continued popularity.

Who is Responsible?—A lady correspondent thinks "it is simply horrible that the papers in the city should print so much about the recent awful developments regarding a certain crime." Just so; but, how is it to be prevented? The intense and morbid curiosity, of all classes of people, to learn every particular in these revolting cases, is the papers' excuse for reporting every thing attainable and guessable.

The papers, however, are guilty in another sense—very guilty. In publishing the advertisements of these moral monsters—who, under the guise of "doctors" (male and female), announce their readiness to commit pre-natal murder—the paper gives that publicity which alone can send victims to the slaughter. If the proprietors of certain of our daily and weekly journals would, not only refuse these "medical" advertisements, but would, at the same time, hand the applicant over to the courts, the Alice Bowlsey and Mary Russell horrors would cease.

No doubt hundreds of young women have perished in the same awful manner, for these professed doctors are, almost without exception, the vilest charlatans in medicine and surgery; and the fact that these literal human hyenas have, in many instances, earned fortunes in the practice of their horrid profession, shows how prevalent must have been the crime to which they pander.

It is, indeed, a sad, sad story; but, now that it has been told, let us hope that an aroused public opinion will hold that paper fully responsible which inserts the advertisements of these "medical" vampires.

A Noted Character.—The old "man of the bears" (with whom his nephew, the Hunter-Author, so long lived in the far West) was one of the most wonderful bear-hunters, trappers, wood-rangers and Indian-fighters who ever lived. His whimsical talk, his irrepressible humor, his selflessness, his bravery, his powers of endurance, his mastery over the brute creation, his knowledge of Indian craft, and his cunning—all are matters of record and

are yet the theme of many a camp story and bivouac "yarn."

Old Grizzly Adams is well remembered in the Atlantic States, to which he returned after a ten years' absence, with some sixteen or twenty bears, among them the celebrated mountain grizzly named Old Sampson. This magnificent beast weighed nearly sixteen hundred pounds, and stood in his tracks fully as high as a large ox. He was captured by old Adams in a "fair fight," and was so tamed that he was ridden many a mile by the great bear-tamer. The exhibition of these bears, by Adams, formed one of the most unique and interesting "shows" that ever were opened for the amusement and edification of the people.

The introduction of Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer, into romance, is, in itself, a source of interest; but when the character is handled by one who had enjoyed his love, had participated in his wild life, had shared his danger and his triumphs, it becomes both inexpressibly interesting and exciting.

The romance "Old Grizzly, the Bear-Tamer; or, The Wild Hunter of the Hills," will have a great run, and will prove to be one of the most popular stories which ever appeared in our popular weekly press.

Hit it Again!—A leading New York daily thus refers to CHARLES READE's last novel, which has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, *Every Saturday* and *Day's Doings*:

"It is a piece of carter literature, whose pretence attracted the keen scent of the publishers, and whose sickening odor, thanks to their enterprise, now pervades the land. For they did not miscalculate the public mind nor count in vain on the laser appetite. Even the practices of Dakota to the boundaries of Maine the book is everywhere; permost in the arid of novels that the newspaper carries through the cars, and even the advertisement we now give it can add nothing to its publicity."

This is severe, but is it not just? It is this kind of censure which must purify the literary atmosphere and prevent authors and publishers alike from walking in forbidden paths.

Artemus Ward.—For this queer genius, as well as for a large number of other queer geniuses, the West—and Ohio especially—was and is responsible. We have in hand some reminiscences of the "showman"—now, alas! but a memory—by our "Fat Contributor" (another Ohio product), which will be read with a melancholy pleasure. The two wits were fellow "localists" in Cleveland, Ohio; and if Mr. Griswold would only tell all his "experiences" with Artemus, we should have something that would, indeed, "set the table in a roar." We will soon make place for the reminiscences.

DIGNITY.

GLANCING over a newspaper the other day I saw and read a notice of church (I don't mention the denomination) who were looking for a pastor, and who had resolved not to hire a minister who played croquet.

I remarked, "I supposed they thought it beneath a preacher's dignity to play croquet." "Dignity's a humbug!" observed a friend who stood by. And if dignity consists in having to wear a long, grave face, and limbs afraid to make a free motion, why I quite agree with my friend.

But, true dignity consists in no such thing. True dignity, to my mind, is a certain nobleness of demeanor and integrity of action which will prevent us from stooping to any little meanness, and command the involuntary respect of all with whom we associate. But, it is not inconsistent with cheerfulness of manner, or with the partaking of any healthful exercise.

Why! I thought people in this age of the world were far enough advanced in the annals of "muscular Christianity" to be beyond any such old-fogy notions as that! I pity the pastor who takes charge of that benighted church who want a minister who don't play croquet! I hope they may at last have to take a big, strong fellow, who is not only full of the sweet spirit of his Master, but full of the health and physical strength his Master has given him. And I hope he will not only preach them good sermons on Sunday, but, on a week day, will invite them to his yard and say: "Come, brethren, let us have a good game of croquet."

I think a few good, earnest games would quicken their slow blood into more healthful action, and develop an innocent good-humor, which would banish some of their quips and cranks immediately.

I consider it more ennobling to true dignity to be willing to pause a moment from the consideration of weightier matters, and join in innocent out-of-door games or the recreations of the social circle, than to sit in a solitary corner in awful, unapproachable grandeur, with a "Don't you wish you were as mighty as I?" expression of countenance, and growl at those who do.

I think it is a blessing to men who, having spent studious lives, are possessed, even to old age, of enough of the freshness of youth to yield them an interest in lively, healthful sports, such as are designed to develop and benefit our physical nature.

Heaven save us from long-faced, assumed dignity, which is appropriate to nothing but a purblind owl who sits on the bough and winks and blinks at Heaven's own sunshine, and imagines himself very stately, when in truth he is nothing but ridiculous! And, Heaven give us more ministers, and other men, too, who are not afraid or ashamed to play croquet, or base-ball, or any other sport which has healthy exercise for its basis.

And, above all, Heaven enlighten that poor, benighted church who don't want a man for a minister, until they shall every one not only be willing to join their pastor in a game of croquet, but in any thing else where Christianity and common sense may go hand-in-hand together. M. D. B.

MATRIMONY.

WHEN I came to the time of reading story books, and interested myself in the love-affairs of others, I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to think of the sort of marriages I would have, were I to write a story, or plunge into that sea myself. My opinion hasn't much altered since then, and if the few hints I throw out are of any service to you, I'm sure you're welcome to them.

I wouldn't have the exact opposites—the very rich and very poor—wed, because the former would be always boasting of their wealth, and asking the other "what she supposed she would have been if he hadn't married her?" She ought to be thankful that he condescended to wed one so beneath him, and such like foolish talk. That style of language wouldn't suit me one

bit. There's too much pepper in my composition to stand it. I should flare up and tell him that he didn't feel in such condescending moods when he came to see me, or begged me to be his wife. I'd tell him that I used to inform him I had only my face for my fortune, and he said that was beyond riches; "so I consider I've got as much wealth as you." But all this will lead to bickerings, and more hateful things can not be found. So we'd all better wed in our spheres. I am going to. Millionaires need not apply!

Don't marry a man on account of his dress; it's oftentimes deceptive. Perhaps it isn't paid for; maybe he has so much time to attend to the adornment of his outer self that he doesn't find any for the cultivation of his heart? It's not good policy to choose a husband by the number and shades of his neckties, or a wife by the smallness of her kid gloves. None of these will bring happiness, and I firmly believe married folks ought to be happy, even though Mrs. D. Vorce says it is not necessary at all. Does she think people want to be wrangling and quarrelling all the time? I tell you what, Mrs. D. Vorce, if you'd had as warm a welcome from our grandfathers and grandfathers' hearths as you seem to have in some modern households, we shouldn't have been blessed with so many reminiscences of old-time love as we have been privileged to do.

It's not wise to have too much difference in your ages, and I believe there's a law forbidding a person from marrying his grand-mother. What a pity girls can not be prevented from marrying men old enough to be their grandfathers! I've seen May and December united, but I did not notice that there was much love between them. The old man was in a continual worry for fear his young wife would marry again after he left this world, and if you could judge by the way May looked upon a masculine May, who was quite an Apollo, it certainly seemed as though she meant to do it.

How much better mated those persons are who wed in their own sphere and station in life! What a picture of comfort is presented to your view as you enter the home of the young mechanic! There is his wife busily getting the supper ready with her own hands, and glancing at the clock every moment, counting the minutes before her return; and when she hears his step on the pavement, how she runs to meet and greet him! I wouldn't wonder if they actually hugged and kissed each other. Now, if she had wed old Proudgold, would she have dared to meet him in that manner? Not a bit of it. Yet she had the chance of wedding him, but she preferred the sunburnt face and rough hands, and honest heart, of the young mechanic to all the great houses, rich carpets, and costly furniture of old Proudgold and his long line of ancestors he made so much boast of.

Girls, a word with you. Don't look forward to marrying rich husbands. Look, rather, to wedding good ones. As the business men say, "It will pay" in the end. Let silk wed silk, and fustian wed fustian. There'll be less harsh words and more kind deeds in matrimonial life, and fewer divorces.

Now, don't tell me, after I have written so much kindly and well-meant advice, that "this is all old maid's talk," because it isn't. It's solemn truth. I know I've a peppy disposition, but I can be just as solemn as an owl, when I want to be. Just heed these lines:

"Like blood, like goods, like ages,
Make the happiest marriages."

EVE LAWLESS.

ECOTISM.

THE greatest pest of society is the ecotist, whose constant use of the vowel "I" renders himself any thing but an agreeable companion, and if you are not ill-bred enough to tell him that his conversation is not agreeable to you, you must hear him to the end.

If he is an author, he will continue to ring in your ears how many periodicals he contributes to, how high he is paid for his articles, how much the editors think of him, and how many papers copy his productions. But you will never find him to be candid enough to tell you when he has an article rejected. That is not in the ecotist's nature. He can find plenty of fault with other people's brain-work, but none with his own. If you good-naturedly point out his shortcomings, you make an enemy of him, and in his shallow brain he puts you down as a person without judgment or taste.

If the ecotist be a professional singer, he will always desire to "warble" a few songs before you. His whole conversation is about the reputation he has, and what the press and public say about him. There was a case of a singer, who was traveling through one of our large States, and, putting a great many bragadocio airs, asked a person if he had never read any of the notices of his performances. The other answered that he had, and forthwith produced a paper. It wasn't a very complimentary notice, as you will see: "We have heard Mr. D— sing, and we have heard an owl hoot. We prefer the owl." Any one but an ecotist would have been taken down by that, but not so with the singer. He pronounced it all the work of a rival, who wanted to be as great a singer as he was, and couldn't.

But ecotism is not confined entirely to public life. It pervades the domestic circle as well. You'll find mothers praising up their own children, much to the detriment of others, until one would imagine hers were quite a model to follow. If her Bob does so, it must be right, and she can see no impropriety in any thing her Grace does. Can you wonder that the children put on airs, and think themselves perfection, when such ideas have been engrained into them ever since they can remember?

It is natural, we should think more of our own kith and kin, but it is the height of rudeness to boast about them. We all like praise; it encourages us to do better; but, how it spoils all a person's talents and merits for him to brag about them.

There must be plenty of other topics of conversation to talk about in this world than ourselves, so we should not have to fall back upon that. I had rather have for a friend the driest conversationalist than one eaten up with ecotism. F. S. F.

A MORE glorious ideal dwells in our soul than any which it is given us to shape forth by pen or pencil upon earth; yet we go on amid our hopes and struggles, like the mariner, tossed from day to day on the waves of some stormy sea, yet each night dreaming of peace and security on shore.

MR. AIKEN'S NEW STORY!

We have in hand for early issue a new romance from the pen of Albert W. Aiken, which in

POWER, INTEREST AND BEAUTY

will eclipse any thing he yet has done, splendid as have been his literary conquests. It is so much a matter of course for us to present surprises, that readers expect each new serial to be new, in the widest sense, but in this instance we have a story

SO WILD, SO WEIRD, SO STRANGE!

that we would be doing both author and readers injustice not to announce the nature of his next contribution to the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. It is a work that long has been forming in the author's brain, first being suggested by a remarkable character in actual life,

THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS!

whose doings yet form the theme of wonder around many a camp-fire and bivouac. With this strange being as a central figure, Mr. Aiken has constructed, with consummate art, a story that enlists all his power as a delineator of character—all his skill as a dramatist; hence

A MASTERPIECE IN SERIAL ROMANCE

to whose perusal every lover of American fiction may look forward with exciting anticipations.

Foolsap Papers.

Concerning People.

THE Amazons were a nation of fierce and warlike head-headed women, who, at a very ancient day, chased their husbands away from home, asserted their independence, showed the world they could go it alone, and went it. They established a Sorosis, and sent their lecturers with their satchels about through the world to sow (about all the sewing they did) discord among contented females and to gain converts. They did their own talking, their own voting, and their own fighting. It was a splendid sight to see a regiment of their soldiers drawn up in (crino) line of battle, or on dress parade, all abreast, fully armed with revolving broomsticks, breach-loading mops, long-range buckets of hot dish-water, two-edged whistles, terribly destructive dish-rags and cruel and scorching tongues, wearing all their ammunition—that is to say, all their powder—on their faces, uniformed with parasols, waterfalls, regulation shoes (kid, with high heels), killing bloomers, curls warranted to capture the enemy on sight, handkerchiefs charged with deadly muck, their polished arms shining in the sun, and their sleeves rolled up.

The Amazons got along very well for a while, but, during a conflict with a neighboring nation, against whom they had declared war because their newspapers had ridiculed them, so many men were taken prisoners that they were at a loss to know what to do with them, but, as a last resort, to punish them cruelly for life, they married them, and the constitution was amended by the substitution of the words "female and male" where only the word "female" had been before. There is a good deal of bustle lately in connection with the attempt to start a modern nation of this kind, but the footing is not very sure—being founded solely on woman's rights—and lefts.

Finland lies a good many degrees beyond the North Pole, and the natural consequence is that it is so cold that every thing would freeze up if every thing wasn't already froze.

The inhabitants are divided into two classes, male and female; they are brave and generous, with unpretending habits and fur clothes.

The main occupation of these *finish-ed* gentlemen is riding about in sledges drawn by reindeers, with the roaring Borealis lighting up the sky in the distance, as you have seen in pictures in your geographies.

In the pursuit of an honest living some years ago I took a cargo of linen clothing there and exchanged it for their fur suits, by which means half the country was depopulated—froze to death.

The main occupation of the women is milking reindeers and doing all the work and chopping wood when it is too cold for the men to be out, for wives in that country are very valuable, and have the supreme control of all the hard work.

The Finns live on what little they can get to eat, and are not very particular what it is.

Japan is an island in the China seas, encumbered by the Japanese, so called because they varnish themselves with Japan varnish, although the principal inhabitants of the island are a few Americans, who make a living by trading old hoopskirts, barrel-hoops, second-hand quids of tobacco and old button-holes to the people for more valuable commodities. The principal occupation of the Japanese seems to be hari kari. Whenever an official Jap thinks he has swindled the government out of more than his conscience strictly allows, he commits hari kari. In this country such an official would only commit more devilment.

The Japs speak the Japanese language very fluently, but not fluently enough for me to understand them. Japanese silks are the principal articles of Japanned ware, and the best are made in Massachusetts out of worsted and linen.

The Japs live on the wrong side of the world, and therefore take wrong-sided views of religion, science and philosophy, which are peculiarly their own. They look down with pity on the barbarism of the civilized world, who don't shave their heads, wear queues, blacken their teeth, appear in robes or commit hari kari. Of late years they have opened their ports because foreigners threatened to open their port-holes.

Pat is a genuine lad of the soil, and if he had all the land he ever shoveled in shoveling his way through the world he would be an independent farmer. He is as good natured at a wake as at a wedding, and will have his joke as well in falling down from a three-story ladder as when he is hunched up to a wheelbarrow doing a pushing business. Pat's short pipe would be missed from his face as much as his own nose—it is his coat-of-arms, whether he has another coat or not. There is only one country that ever could have produced Pat, and to that he clings with as much fondness as he does to any thing else that is suggested by Cork.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MSS. and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a postage marked MSS.—"Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect, are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS., as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. The Commercial type size paper is most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to the column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will find place for "The Traitor Page;" "I leadore;" "The Father's Sacrifice;" "Dave Barton's First Buckskin;" "Tread by Wood;" "Disappointed;" "Longfellow's Outdoors;" "A simple absurd—"A Grace Divine" is not original. The sender needs grace divine.—We return poems, "What the Sparrows Say;" "Waves of Life;" "Wasted Lives;" "The Wanton Wind;" "Excuse Me, Darling;" "The Poems by E. L. B. Philadelphila, are unavailable. No stamps for return.—Will try and find place for the two poems, "Do the Best You Can;" "A Wish." If the writer has sent other contributions to us, including stamps, they certainly have been returned. If not found available, we are very punctual about such things.

The serial, "Detected, but Not Lost," is not to our want. Incidents are not especially attractive or impressive, as such, in style, is much too diffuse. It is wholly unnecessary, in telling a story, to relate every thing that is supposed to have happened. If a person eats a dinner it is unnecessary to "go through all the motions" for him; or if he calls on his affianced, it is not necessary to tell all he says and does. This overloading a narrative with immaterial and irrelevant matter ruins many an otherwise good story.

Sketches, "Mary's Last Love;" "The Brownie Bride;" "The Lover's Glen;" all are tainted. "The Lover's Glen," is a story, which is a mere thought or fancy, which is not at all a true story. If the writer is a woman (as we suppose) let us suggest that what she would not care to have a gentleman tell openly to her in others' hearing, should even worse in print. The incidents, as we say, may all be founded on fact, but, to such, we say, be dumb.

HOMER G. We never publish books for others. If a manuscript for one of our books is accepted it is paid for and that ends the author's claim to it. The margin of profit on a Dime volume is so small that a copyright would be a waste of time. The usual copyright on bound books is ten per cent. after the first thousand. More is sometimes paid noted authors whose works have a large sale, but they are the rare exception.

G. A. K. asks why it is "etiquette" for a gentleman to take the outside in walking with a lady. Because it is from that side any injury or dirt may come, from which he would protect himself, and because gentlemen, when passing, always give the lady the inside of the walk.

PENNEY sends us an advertisement clipped from a certain New York Sunday paper, and asks: "What does it mean?" As "Penney" doubts it is a young woman, we answer: it means every thing that is dangerous to you and every other virtuous girl who reads it. It is the net of the modern woman, who entrap the feet of the unwary, who, knowing nothing of the world, can be the more readily deceived and ruined. Never give your address to a man, no mouse correspondent; and, above all things, avoid any correspondence with a stranger.

AGNES C. C. expresses a wish to learn some good trade, and adds: "I do hope to be wooed and won some day, for I don't think I shall ever marry." That for which she was created in marrying. I only want some trade that will give me a good support until I find the man I want. I don't want a trade which wants workers who propose to leave it at the first opportunity. The fact that almost all women merely work at trades or callings as a temporary means of living fills all the columns of labor with men who make their trade their life-calling, and therefore become vastly more able and proficient. Agnes might become a clerk but not a book-keeper.

BORROWER thinks a person who refuses him books from his library is mean, "for, what are books for but to be read?" he asks. Very true. What are clothes for but to be worn, and therefore why refuse to lend your coat, or hat, or boots? Indeed, a book is even more perishable than your boots, and ought not to be lent so readily. No one who has a very choice personal property, and he who grumbles at a person's exercise of exclusiveness in such property is very unreasonable.

ALVAR asks concerning the longest day in the year. It varies a great deal in different places. The day in London is sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg, the longest day has eighteen hours, and the shortest five; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest one hour and a half. At Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

CONDE. The names of the most distinguished leaders of the heroic Vendeeans, who fought so long and so bravely to rescue France from the tyranny of the Convention, were, Bonchamps, a gentleman of fortune; Cathelineau, a peasant; Henri de La Rochejaquelein, a noble; De Lescaze, his cousin; D'Eblee, a peasant; Stofflet, a gamekeeper; Charette, a sailor. The war in La Vendee is far more interesting than the siege of Troy, and if you had the talents of Scott, Byron or Fenimore, you could not have a finer subject for an epic poem, or a more perfect hero than La Rochejaquelein. This illustration is not as nearly correct as the last, but the instruction broke out, and there were his words to his followers: "When I advance, follow me; when I fall, revenge me; when I retreat, kill me." His actions equal any thing ever told of ancient valor, or of the chivalry of the middle ages; and the courage of the undisciplined peasants whom he led to battle surpassed that of the well-armed soldiers of the Republic. At one time the little province was surrounded by two hundred thousand soldiers, while the entire number of their adult population, men and women, scattered over so many towns and villages, could not have amounted to three hundred thousand. The Vendeeans very manfully repulsed the English in their attachment to religion, their loyalty to the sovereign, their quiet habits, their serious gravity, and their love of the soil, and in a war, in which, in more than sixty battles and combats, this little band withstood the great republican armies is really wonderful.

M. C. I. It doesn't matter whether your daughter married a Jew or a Hottentot, as long as she has the legal formalities, her marriage is good. The fact of her husband never having been christened does not invalidate the marriage.

E. L. Habes Corpus is a law term, and signifies: "You may have the body." This is the great writ of English liberty.

REFLECTED. Yes, a gentleman has frequently received damages from a lady for breach of promise of marriage.

R. H. T. Hall is rain which has passed, in its descent to the earth, through some cold bed of air, and has been frozen into ice.

HECTOR. The bayonet was originally a Spanish invention.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Our New Acquisition!

Another Star has been added to our galaxy of writers in the person of

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We add this charming young writer to our list with real pleasure, confident that she will become an immense favorite with that class of readers whose perceptions of story and character are neither of the "blood and thunder" nor of the "Laura Matilda" order. For such we do not cater.

TO MY FRIEND.

BY M. L. C.

Am I awake? Can it be real?
This hand that I hold in my own?
These pressing fingers now I feel,
Shall I but look and find them flown?

No—sleep I have; but thy love-light
My spirit stirred with kindly beams;
The dawning day dispels the night,
Oh! how in hope it shines again!

Bright glows thy smile. My opening eyes
May look, nor fear 'twill fade away;
Now gaze they on the face that lies
Faint on the face of future day.

The late long night, the darkness past
Have ended here, since thou art come,
A radiance o'er my path to cast,
To banish far all brooding gloom.

I have had friends! Once were the hours
Passed fleeting with them, seeming kind,
Adversity had tried my powers,
Now few the outstretched hands I find.

For dying friends fast flowed my tears,
And sad for those who went astray;
Better for those who with small fears,
Proved false and fell from faith away.

Ah! cruel they to lift my heart
To happy realms, firm, real, believed,
When at dark hour did but depart,
And leave me broken, sad, deceived.

I deemed them friends; they were but dreams,
Who with the night have gone away;
But now, in thy sweet eyes' pure gleam,
I view a bright, eternal day.

Gertrude's Contretemps.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Love him? I hate the very ground he walks on," and Gertrude Montclair turned a very decided face to the placid, elderly lady who sat by the open window, knitting a shaded orange stripe for a carriage Afghan.

"I hope you are not going to create any sensation, Gertrude, by your foolish prejudice against Mr. Warner. He is a very estimable gentleman, and, as your affianced husband, you are bound to respect him."

Mrs. Atherton knitted on while she spoke, never once raising her voice beyond its well pitched key of conversational tone; and Gertrude, her black eyes moody and troubled, hated her aunt, as she watched her, almost as badly as she did Felix Warner.

"I haven't any idea of creating a sensation, aunt Ruth, but I can tell you one thing, that, when you see me unhappy and wretched as Mr. Warner's wife, you can take the blame on your own shoulders."

"Gertrude!"

Unheeding the warning word, spoken in a tone of indignation, the girl continued on, hotly:

"I believed before he died, and I believe now, that it was you who advised him to arrange his will so that I would be left penniless, instead of heiress to twenty-five thousand dollars, if I did not marry your husband's nephew—this contemptible white-eyed Felix Warner!"

Mrs. Atherton deliberately folded up her gray work, and then answered Gertrude.

"I certainly never expected to hear my brother John's child speak so to me; I can not say how surprised and wounded I am. I am sorry, for your sake, that my husband's nephew does not come up to your expectations."

"And does he come up to yours?" Gertrude interrupted. "When we both saw him for the first time, three months ago, I plainly read your disapproval of his looks in your face."

"He certainly is not very handsome, which seems strange, for the Warners are all good-looking, generally. But, Gertrude, he seems very gentlemanly, and—the will, you know."

"Yes, the will! and I hope I may be tempted to forego the fortune rather than be tied for life to that white owl!"

"Twenty-five thousand is not a sum to sneer at, my dear."

Mrs. Atherton remarked it as she went through the door, and Gertrude, springing to her feet, began promenading the room.

"Nor is Frank Fenelon a fellow to be sneered at. I'd rather have him, with only his salary to depend on, and his great, loving heart, than this horrid Mr. Warner, with my own fortune and his into the bargain. And I will, too!"

He was a splendid fellow, this Frank Fenelon, whom no girl would have "sneered at." He was so refined and gentlemanly, so stylish and handsome, that it was little wonder Gertrude Montclair had fallen in love with him.

She hadn't known him so very long either, for he had only come to Brookville in May—about a month before that disagreeable suitor of hers had come poking along.

There had been a fancy sort of bridge built over Racy Brook, and Frank was the architect who had designed it; consequently he was at the village some time on that business.

Then, so well pleased was old Squire Brentham with his elegant rustic bridge, that he employed Frank to design a summer house that was to be a cross between a Buddhist temple and a Chinese pagoda.

So Frank had plenty of work that kept him at Brookville—and he fell in love with this dusky-eyed, ebony-haired Gertrude of mine, who knew she was destined to marry Mr. Warner, or else forfeit her money.

Frank Fenelon had asked her to marry him that very afternoon that she launched out so bitterly to aunt Ruth, and now, after sundown of that clear, cool September day, she went out for a walk, to give her lover his answer, and tell him all about it.

She sauntered slowly along the village street, thinking very earnestly, very soberly.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was a great deal of money to give up for Frank Fenelon; but, the moment she contrasted Felix Warner's flimsy skin and large, white-blued eyes with the clear, bronze complexion of her lover, and his roguish brown eyes, just the same color as his short, wavy hair and mustache, she fairly shivered as she contemplated the disgust she must feel at being obliged to be kissed by Felix Warner; while a kiss from Frank's lips, where the even white teeth gleamed sometimes—well, she didn't think she would at all object to that.

At the post-office she met Squire Brentham's bridge, and, leaning over the oaken vines that formed the railing, Gertrude told Frank every thing, even to how truly and dearly she loved him, and would forfeit her money for his sake.

He was very grave—so grave that Gertrude was a little frightened.

"You are a precious treasure, my darling, and I never could tell you how I honor you for your true-heartedness. But, Gertrude, will I be doing right to permit you to become a poor woman for my sake?"

She nestled closely to him, and looked up in his tender, earnest eyes.

"Oh, Frank, you're not going to cast me off? For my sake, you should say; not for yours alone, I gladly throw this money away. I guess you don't love me as much as I do you."

He laid his hand lightly on her lips.

"Gertie—never tell me I don't love you; you do not know how I worship you, my own true darling."

"Then you'll let me be your own—Frank, please?"

Who could resist such pleading, in such guileless love, from one he loved as he did Gertie?

He kissed her then—it was the first kiss he had ever offered her; a long, earnest kiss it was, that told Gertie how dear she was to him.

"You shall never regret this, my dear."

As if it didn't know that, she answered.

Of course, aunt Ruth Atherton was indignant when Gertrude told her, that same night, that she would not marry Felix Warner, money or no money, and that she did intend marrying Mr. Fenelon, and that, too, in six weeks' time!

"It's not so much that I pity poor Felix, Gertrude Montclair, nor regret the riches you have rejected. But to take up with this fellow—this stranger with no recommendation but a pretty face—Gertrude Montclair, I am ashamed—yes—I blush for you."

"Well, you needn't," returned Gertie, coolly, "because, when you see Frank, you'll be ashamed that you ever harbored such a thought."

"When I see him, perhaps I will; for I solemnly declare, Gertrude, never to countenance this shameful affair!"

"Auntie!"

There was that in Gertrude's voice that bade her be still; she quailed a moment, and then went on, fiercer than before.

"And take my advice, and make sure you are married when it comes to that. These adventures, wandering rogues—"

Gertrude sprang up, white with passion.

"Aunt Ruth Atherton, I command you to be still, now and ever, on the subject of Mr. Fenelon, my future husband."

"Gertie, dear," and to her astonishment Frank sauntered carelessly into the parlor, accompanied by Mr. Warner.

"Just let me bury the hatchet for aunt Ruth."

"Don't call me 'aunt Ruth,' sir!"

"Why not? Are you not my deceased uncle Amos' widow?" Introduced me, and he turned to Warner, who stepped promptly forward.

"Mrs. Atherton, I am not Felix Warner—this young gentleman has that honor."

Frank laughed, and persisted in kissing his "auntie," who, her senses once balanced, and having read the letters he brought from her old home, laughed and cried, and declared he was a Warner, "out and out."

Wide-eyed and trembling Gertrude looked on, and then Frank came up and put his arms around her.

"Frank Felix Warner, my darling, knows he has won a bride for love and not for money. Are you angry?" he whispered, tenderly.

"It seems just like a romance," she said, afterward.

"And our lives will be one, too, my brave-hearted little girl."

Peter Atchinson, Frank's right-hand man, who helped play the delightful little game, declared it was the hardest work he ever did to keep from falling in love with bonny Gertrude.

But, after all, it was perfectly fair, wasn't it?

The Black Crescent: OR, COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE. A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "RALPH HAMON, THE
CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

HARNDEN FORDE FINDS THE CRESCENT SAFE; AND WHAT THAT CRESCENT WAS.

As Harnden Forde approached his daughter, his brow darkened.

He saw, by the dim light of the fire, that she was agitated, and her agitation was such that she was at a loss for speech.

Had she struck the telling blow which, beyond a doubt, proved the salvation of Wat. Blake's life—for, considering the desperate frenzy Forde was in, as he grew fearful that his plan would fail, the death of the man who was helpless in his clutches would have seemed inevitable.

She was attired in a loose wrapper, as if she had been about to retire when suddenly, unexpectedly interrupted.

"Eola—what does this mean? Why are you here?"

He did not question her too closely, at first; for, though his mind was filled with a suspicion plausible under the circumstances—viz.: that it must have been his own child who struck him—still, he hoped that he was mistaken, and that she had not been a witness to the fearful scene.

"Has any thing happened, father?" she asked, half recoiling before his strange appearance.

For a moment he regarded her steadily.

"How long have you been here, Eola?"

"Scarcely a second. Ah! there is blood upon your hand! Oh! tell me what has happened! Something—something—"

His head was bruised, and the flesh broken. In feeling of the welt that was upon his head, the blood therefrom had stained his hand.

He quickly thrust the discolored hand from her sight.

"My child, did you strike me just now?"

"Strike you?" and the arms that had wound round his neck dropped nerveless to her side. "Strike you? Oh, father, what do you mean? I have only been here a few seconds. When I came, you were arising from the floor, as though you had been lying there. I do not know what you mean. You are bloody! Something has happened! Oh! tell me what it is?"

Forde was convinced that she spoke openly and truthfully. She had never deceived him with a falsehood—she would not do it now.

"What brought you here, Eola?"—evading her desire to know what had taken place.

"I was disrobing, when there came a knock at my door, and a woman's voice bade me hurry— What ails you, father?"

"Nothing, nothing; speak quick!"

"Opening the door, I found a strange man and woman there. Before I could recover from my astonishment, they were gone—having told me to make haste up here; that you needed my assistance. And I came at once, fearing—"

"Which—which way did they go?" he interrupted, excitedly.

"Toward the library."

Casting off the arms that had, for the second time, fixed about his neck, he staggered, at a pace more than a walk, along the unlighted hall, down the stairs, and across to the room which was his library.

As he reached the door, he heard a sound that resembled the closing of a window-sash. But when he entered the library, it was deserted; all was still as the grave.

A gas-jet was burning low, which, in the silent hour of midnight, gave to the apartment a surrounding of spectral shadows.

He went straight to a desk near the window, and unlocking the case, penetrated to a secret pigeon-hole, from which he drew out a yellow parchment.

"Safe! Safe!" he muttered, his face brightening; "still safe! And yet I would give it, if they would be content with that alone, and leave me forever! Ha! who's that?"

Eola had followed him.

"Eola, child, return to your room. Go to bed."

"But, father, oh! do tell me what has happened!"—continuing to advance.

"No, no; not to-night. To-morrow. Go—leave me."

She obeyed, murmuring:

"Oh! Heaven grant I may some time know what means the mystery that shrouds this house! I'll go; but I can not sleep now"—pausing in the doorway—"You'll tell me all to-morrow!"

Yes, yes; go—go now."

But Harnden Forde spoke recklessly. His object, then, was to be alone. When he gave the promise, he considered it forced upon him, and meant to avoid fulfillment of it.

"Yes, that's safe!" he continued to himself, and he returned the parchment to its place.

The welt upon his head was painful. Wiping his handkerchief from an ice-pitcher near him, he bathed the wounded part, and turned again to his desk.

Drawing back the panel which concealed an ingeniously-concealed drawer, he drew the latter out, and gazed steadfastly down upon the BLACK CRESCENT.

It was a curious piece of workmanship—perhaps six inches long, and four broad, and of most valuable composition.

The ground was pure, smooth jet, diversified with minute lines of garnet heads, and studded with diamonds at intervals of an inch; while the edging was solid gold, one quarter of an inch deep. The top of each prism was a small crown of rubies and pearls, with delicate threads of gold and black, like gauze-work, intermingled. It was, at least, an inch and a half in thickness, and the back of the whole was one solid plate of silver. Between the two edges, on the outside, from point to point, was a dark hair-line which might have indicated that the crescent could be laid open upon tiny concealed hinges, in the shape of a figure eight, without the joining line at the middle.

There lay the mysterious article, its many rich jewels glistening, sparkling, raying its confusion of brilliant colors in the light of the faint gas-jet; and Harnden Forde, with an indefinite expression upon his white face, stood over it, contemplating it in silence.

What Gil. Bret, the "rough," wanted with this crescent were able to infer. The valuable gems would have been a fortune to any one.

Why Wat. Blake wished to secure it we will learn anon.

Outside the library window, and almost reaching to it, was a stout grape rack. Upon the top strip of this rack, his two hands clinging to the sill, was a man.

As Harnden Forde stood there, his eyes fixed upon the Crescent, another pair of eyes were watching him, through the window-panes.

At last Forde closed the drawer, and as he refastened the desk, he said, slowly:

"No! No! No! I must never part with it. Great Heaven! what would be the consequences? Did not Madame Fernandez say that—that? But away with such words! Am I not miserable enough in remembering, without repeating the dark syllables? God!—is the world at large as superstitious as I am? If it is—unhappy world! It is hereditary. I have fought—oh! how I have struggled in resistance of the clammy coils! But in vain—I fear something; something continually! That horrible curse!—that dread prophecy! Ha! some one repeats them in my ear? No, no, it is my fancy. Only fancy. I wonder—if I am—going—mad?" He sunk into a chair, and the aged head bowed upon his breast. The weary, sunken eyes were fixed vacantly upon the carpet. "My poor Eola! She, before whom the proud and wealthy in our midst would go down upon their knees, if their reward was to be an approving smile!—she, who never knew a care or sorrow; beloved of all who knew her; all on earth to Austin Burns—Ha! I have not thought of him! He is Bortha Blake's son; my—my own—child! Haxon's letter said so! I dare not doubt it! And she, poor girl, knows not the abyss over which I am tottering!—knows not that, at any moment, we may be crushed, trampled upon, shamed before the world! And I, I have wrought this state of things, through a folly of former days!—folly! it was crime! Oh! that I could have reasoned with my nature then! Would that I had taken the hand outstretched in forgiveness three years ago!—and all might have been well."

His face was buried in his hands; a low, painful sob told that he was weeping.

The face outside the window raised higher, and assumed a stern cast; the eyes that looked in upon him seemed riveted in their gaze; while the soft wind carried away upon its wings the words:

"Remorse at last!"

Half an hour, an hour, nearly two hours slipped by. Harnden Forde moved not.

Presently, there was a slight noise at the window. If he slept, the sound aroused him, for he started up and glanced suspiciously about him. As he did so, he heard footsteps in the yard below. In another second he was at the window—and just in time to see, through the gloom, a man going out at the gate.

"It must have been Wat. Blake!" he exclaimed, pacing to and fro. "I have been watched! How long did he cling fast there, spying upon me? He saw me at the desk! He must have seen the certificate—the crescent! I can not leave here now, or I shall be robbed! Oh! if I could but see Bortha! Bortha—Bortha, you would forgive me!"

Long, long he walked that floor and fought the drowsy god who laid a hand upon his eyelids.

Through the still night, with naught but his own heart beatings to break the silence of the room, and no companion, save his harrowing thoughts, Harnden Forde kept his vigil; and the first gray shades of morn were creeping in through the window, when he ceased his sentry striding and pulled the bell-cord.

Early as it was, the domestics of Forde's house were stirring, and his summons was answered by the hall servant, who was greatly surprised to find his employer up and in the library at that unusual hour.

"James, go call your breakfast, and return to me, at once. I have new duties for you to perform. Your place in the hall can be done away with in future."

"I hope, sir, I haven't been doing" any "thin' wrong, sir?" stammered James, who did not exactly comprehend.

"No, James; I have no fault to find. But, do as I tell you—eat your breakfast and return to me, as soon as possible."

Wondering what his employer could have in view, that should take him from his easy position in the hall, the servant departed; and Forde, worn out, and sick in mind, threw himself, with a deep sigh, into a chair, to wait.

James returned shortly.

Harnden Forde took a small revolver from the top of the desk, and, laying one hand upon the servant's arm, he said:

"Take this."

James took the weapon, and stared in a bewildered manner.

"I did not sleep last night, James. I have kept a lonely watch here, walking with my weary limbs, like a sentry who guards his camp-fire."

The serving man opened his eyes wider, but said nothing. Forde transferred his hold to the other wrist, and, as his listener winced at the touch of the icy cold fingers, he continued:

"You have been in my service for years. I feel that I can trust you. Listen: there is that in my desk the loss of which would send me to my grave in misery! I wish you to remain here and watch—watch that desk! I am liable to be robbed at any moment, day or night; and no one is to enter this library!"

The last words were peculiarly emphasized, and James stared the more.

"Guard my interests, and I will increase your pay. Do you understand me? Will you do this?"

Well, I will that, sir. I'll do whatever you say, sir. And there won't anybody come in while I'm here."

"Remember! do not leave the room for a moment, unless I am here to take your place. Guard my interests, James; guard them well. I will arrange to have your meals brought you."

Forde, having spoken these instructions, withdrew.

"Well, now," exclaimed the guard, looking after him, "I do wonder what on this earth's the matter of 'im? He's been acting queer these past days a few. An' Lord! he don't look nothin' like he did when I first came here! Poor man—ah! he's gettin' old, an' I s'pect he's onwell, or somethin'—and, shaking his head, James sat down to keep his watch.

Harnden Forde retired to his room, to seek a few hours repose. Human nature could not bear up under the tax that had been put upon him within the last two days, and notwithstanding the maze of thought, fear, anxiety, which rushed upon his turbid brain, his head no sooner touched the pillow than he slept.

It was after noon when he arose and partook of a light repast.

Slumber had been sweet to him. It was a forgetfulness of the shadows that encompassed his existence.

His return to wakefulness was like re-entering a sphere whose air was misery, and the landscape dreary, bleak with ill foreboding.

The groan from his lips, as his eyes opened to the day of the busy world, contained more than words to speak his utter wretchedness.

Eola had waited for him in the front parlor a long while.

When he entered, she advanced to meet him.

"Father, are you not better this morning?" presenting her ripe lips for the accustomed kiss.

"In body, my child, I am well enough. But in mind, ah! I can never be well—never! Look at me!"

Eola shuddered. She had looked, the strange, unreadable glance of those eyes—the ghastly hue of the face, frightened her, for she knew not what it meant.

"Do I look improved?" And, as a sickly smile for a moment twitched the corners of his mouth, she shuddered again.

"Come," she said, "sit by the window. The warm sunshine may benefit you."

He shook his head sadly, but did as she requested.

"Now, father, tell me—for you have promised! What is it that weighs upon your mind. Explain this mystery. I must know. Remember, I have much at stake—Austin Burns is—"

"No, no; forget him. You can not marry him. Never!"

"Then I insist upon a full explanation. I demand it!" her lovely face crimsoning as she spoke.

"See," he said;—"here is Harold Haxon ascending the steps—"

She bit her lip, and one of her dainty, slipped feet patted the soft carpet in an impatient way. Evidently—from her tone, from her manner—Harold Haxon was a most undesirable acquaintance to her; and a deep silence reigned as father and daughter hearkened to the servant admitting the visitor.

A few moments later, Haxon, smiling and bowing, was ushered into their presence.

CHAPTER VIII.
WHO DEALT THE BLOW.

To return to Austin Burns.

He had not long to wait for his new-found friend. When she came back, she was accompanied by a physician—a tall, spare-limbed individual, with hooked nose and peculiarly grave countenance, which, with twinkling eyes and humorous poise, was far from disagreeable in expression.

"There is your patient, Doctor Cauley," pointing to the young man, who arose upon

their entrance, and steadied himself by holding to the back of the chair; for it seemed to Austin that, in every minute his friend had been gone, he had grown weaker, and at that moment he felt very faint.

A scrutinizing glance at Austin's face, a stroke of the smooth chin, and the physician said:

"Exactly, um! Going to faint—maybe. Keep up, sir; keep up. Retain your pins and shut your mouth. Now, lay down."

With their assistance, Austin was fixed comfortably upon the sofa, and the man of medicine proceeded to attend to the wound.

He screwed his thin features into an ugly frown while examining the cut, and, nodding to the woman in black, uttered, briefly:

"Must bathe it. Tepid water. Got a sponge?" and, as she hurried after the desired articles, he continued, to Austin:

"Retain your position and keep quiet. Bad wound, this. Feel weak, eh?"

"Very, sir."

"Retain your senses and say nothing. Now then."

When the water and sponge were brought, he began to bathe, and then dress the wound. The blade had not sunk deep, but the flesh was horribly torn.

"Doctor, is it dangerous?"

"Now, my dear madam, every thing is dangerous. It's dangerous to eat, for fear we overload the stomach. It's dangerous to drink—even water, for fear we strangle. It's dangerous to live, for fear we may die; and there's more danger in being born than there is in dying. Permit me to remark, madam, that 'in the midst of existence we are liable to become defunct.' Easiest thing in the world to die, if—"

"But this wound, doctor? Please inform me if it is likely to prove fatal."

"Um! Well, if he retains his wits, and promises to keep clear of politics for the balance of his life, he may come out of this all right. Nurse him well, nurse him well; it won't hurt him."

"I am deeply interested in him, Dr. Cauley—very deeply. His life is precious to me. Say he will live."

"Let him try. Retain his composure and talk very little. I'll come and dine with him in a week."

"I understand," with a sigh of relief. "He will live. You can not imagine what a load of anxiety is taken from my mind. But, Doctor Cauley, will you now do me a favor?"

"Retain my character and win your esteem? Certainly."

"Will you remain here with Mr. Burns until about three o'clock?"

"Hey?" pausing in his work, and arching his brows, as he looked at her inquiringly.

"Will you remain here, with Mr. Burns, until I return? I must go away; will be gone, probably, until three o'clock."

"In the morning? This A.M.?"

"Yes."

"Necessary?"

"Very. I can not explain, as my business is private, as well as important. If there is an extra charge, do not hesitate to include it in the bill."

"Um! Retain the premises and keep awake all night. Certainly. If you are not back by the hour named, I shall begin to get—breakfast. Expect to see the table set, and tea-kettle boiling," with this he turned again to his task.

Austin Burns was looking at his strange friend, in a puzzled way. There was something about her which had not impressed itself upon his mind when he first saw her face; something which seemed to strike the chords of memory with a familiar, yet inexplicable harmony. Was it some dream that had been his, in which he beheld

When they departed, she continued swiftly on to her destination, which was the house of Harnden Forde, on Eutaw street. Reaching here, she made her way through the narrow alley, and inserting her arm in the large, round hole near the latch of the gate, she slipped the bolt.

The library window was before her, and the stout grape rack offered means of reaching it.

"I may venture," she thought, "It is almost time for Wat to be here."

But few women can ascend a ladder with ease of mind and body, and it was with no little difficulty she made her way to the top.

The back windows of other houses in the vicinity were darkened. No wakful eyes marked her actions, and, after much exertion, she reached the top strip.

To her surprise, the window was unlatched; and, as her heart fluttered at the boldness of her undertaking, she cautiously raised the sash.

"I will not close it," moving noiselessly toward the door. "There is no knowing in what haste I may have to pass out again. Ah! hark!"

There was a scarce audible footstep on the stairs. So sudden came the sound, that she paused, undecided, midway across the room.

But the one outside—who was Harnden Forde seeking the room of his strange and unwelcome guest—continued past.

With a few quick, silent steps, she reached the door, and found it barely closed. To open it, slightly, was the work of a moment, and, by the dim rays of a small burner which lighted the second floor, she saw Forde, with the significant ropes in his hand, just turning at the landing.

The ropes, the cat-like tread, with which he was ascending the stairs, at once struck her.

Could she have obtained a glimpse of his face? But, sight of the ropes, especially, filled her mind with suspicions.

In the corner, by her, stood a thick cane of heavy, unyielding wood. Almost involuntarily she grasped this and stole after him, moving no less like a specter than he.

He led her to the third story; then he disappeared into the room where Wat Blake slumbered, unconscious of the frail thread upon which hung his life.

Exercising great caution, she advanced toward the room, and had almost reached it, when Forde's first words fell upon her ears.

"Wake up, Wat Blake! Wake up, and meet your doom!"

"Great heaven! he is killing Wat!" Headless now of caution she ran to the doorway.

The sight she saw fairly brought her heart to her throat.

Forde was striving to wring information from the lips of the helpless man, whom he was strangling.

Had not Forde been so wrapt in his inhuman work, he would have heard the step of the rescuer, behind him.

Closing her hands upon the cane, with all her strength, she poised it above her head. True to its aim, it cut the air, and Forde lay insensible at her feet.

"Quick, quick, Wat! Merciful heaven! what an escape!"

She untied the rope which bound him, and he, choking, half blind, gasping for breath, staggered to his feet.

With all the enduring iron of his strong frame, he could not recover himself at once, and weak, dizzy, faint, the room spinning round before his hazed vision, like a vortex of inconceivable things, he was led, or rather dragged, away.

"Come, Wat! Oh! hurry. He may recover at any moment. Come—the crescent!"

As they passed a room on the second floor, where a light shone through the transom of the door, she paused to knock.

Eola appeared.

"Harnden Forde is in the third story, and needs assistance. Go to him, and without saying more, they hurried on to the library.

Wat Blake drank deeply from the ice-pitcher, and as the pure, refreshing beverage infused a new life into his body, his first words were:

"Too late, Bertha! Too late! We can not get the crescent to-night. But it is in there—in that desk! I am sure of it. Mark it well!"

"Oh! no, no; not too late! Do not say it is too late!" she cried. "Let us force it open!"

"I tell you it is too late! We must wait now till some more favorable time. Hark!"

Some one was, even then, rapidly descending the stairs.

"I told you so!" he added. "Be quick, now! Out at the window!"

But are you strong enough?"

"Yes, yes, hurry. There is no time for words. I do not wish to counterpoint this man, now, or I may do him harm," frowning and glancing toward the door.

When he had followed her and closed the sash, she said:

"Go home, now, sister. I shall remain here. Perhaps I may yet procure the crescent; for it is in that desk! Ah! it is Forde himself. See; he enters. He is at the desk. There, go now. Make no noise in getting down."

Reluctantly she left him and turned homeward.

Wat Blake watched—waited. He fairly raised his shoulders above the sill, to see better, when Forde opened the drawer in which lay the mysterious crescent.

"Perchance he will leave the library shortly, and I may secure it after all."

But he was doomed to disappointment. Forde seated himself, and the agonizing thoughts which dwelt within him were depicted thoroughly upon his face, and noted by the watcher.

"Can it be that he sleeps?" Blake asked himself, as the moments flew by, and still Forde sat there, still and silent. "If so, mayhap I can pick his pocket of the key, and get the crescent and the certificate ere he wakes!"

But an attempt to raise the sash proved the contrary to his hopes; and, as Forde started from his seat, Blake dropped to the ground and ran out at the gate—but not in time to escape being seen by the man who would have been his murderer.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE woman in black, upon returning to her home, found Doctor Cauley in an easy-chair, dozing before the fire.

A glance at the lounge told her that Austin was sleeping, and she addressed the physician in a whisper.

"How does he seem, doctor?"

"Ay—ho—um—m—!" yawning and looking at her in a quizzical way. "Retains his life and goes to sleep in ease. See? You're back sooner than you said. It's now the bewitching hour of morning's night, when burglars prowl and—you know it's one of our 'systems,' madam, in Baltimore, to leave front doors unlocked?"

"Yes,"—quietly laying off her hat and shawl—"I expected to be detained much longer. You are satisfied, then, that the wound is not very serious?"

"Pardon me; but you know how it is yourself; we're all liable to stop breathing at any moment; and this young man must take care of the wee cut on his shoulder. Let him retain his common sense and not worry. What's his name?"

"Burns—Austin Burns."

She came forward from the lounge, where she had stood for a few seconds, looking down into the young man's face, and drew up a chair beside the blunt, but kind-hearted Doctor Cauley.

"Who did you say?" he asked, quickly.

"Austin Burns. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Retain your judgment, madam, and see if I look like a jack-a-ninny, I mean. Of course I know him. At least, I attended his uncle, when that good gentleman died—which he would do, despite all the medicine I gave him. And I then heard quite a romantic story."

"Ah!"

"Certainly. This party wasn't his, Austin Burns' uncle, after all. See? A wail, a basket arrangement, a vestibule sensation. Well, in this basket was—tired, madam? You look pale. Have a glass of water."

"No, no; mere fatigue. Go on, doctor."

"Well, in this basket was twenty thousand dollars! Where the child came from, who or what it was, nobody in that family could imagine. I was the family physician, and I got into the secrets of the occurrence. See?"

"You knew of the helpless infant, then?"

"And I came forward in her chair, putting the question with such a delicate sensation, that the doctor pushed his own chair from her, and faced her in a half-started manner, saying:

"Not exactly. I knew the secret of the family having adopted the child; that's all, madam. And I knew the gentleman who adopted it was a most honorable party. When he died, I knew that young Burns, then grown to be a man, came into possession of a round fortune—or a square bank account, whichever you choose. Rumor has reached my ears of an engagement, too, between Burns and Eola Forde, daughter of Harnden Forde, a gentleman well known and respected in this community, etc., etc., etc."

"Respected!" she murmured, with sarcasm.

"Yes, that's what I said—now, my dear madam, you look as if you were smeared with white wash! Pardon me. Really. Have a glass of water."

"And that is all you know of Austin Burns?"

"Positively, the sum total of my information. Retain my reputation as a truth-teller by making affidavit to that effect."

"Did you ever hear of one Harold Haxon?"

"Think I have. Can't say for certain."

"I may tell you, doctor, that Austin Burns was stabbed to-night, by this Haxon; and the incentive to the foul act, was jealousy."

Doctor Cauley opened mouth and eyes, as he went on to detail the circumstances of the existing enmity on Haxon's part.

"He wishes to remove Austin from his path," she said, in conclusion; "and he has a strong ally, in a villainous wretch, named Gil Bret."

"The rascal! We must catch him—both of them—send them to the Penitentiary."

"No. Not yet. What I have told you, you will retain sacredly private. The time has not come yet; and I am managing matters. I shall consider you pledged to say nothing to any one of our conversation."

"You are a most singular woman!" he exclaimed.

"And you a man of bold opinions!"

"Right!" and the way he scraped his throat, and the soberness of his utterance indicated that he considered the compliment well placed.

"You must be tired, doctor."

"Right again. I am 'tired now and sleepy, too. As you are here, I'll go. Don't let the young man sleep too much. I found the medicine in the closet. I'll call to-morrow—or to-day—again."

"One moment."

"Yours to command."

He was squirming into his overcoat while speaking, and now, slapping his hat on his head, he paused in the doorway.

"We shall not be here to-morrow."

"Shan't? Why?"

"We have to move. When you call to see your patient, let it be No. — South Charles street. It will not hurt Austin, if moved carefully, will it?"

"Do it easy—very easy. All right. I'll come. Good-night," and he whisked out at the front door, almost before he had concluded speaking.

When she re-entered the parlor, Austin was awake.

"Water!" he said, faintly. "Give me some water."

Having cooled his feverish lips with that most grateful of beverages—than which the world never knew a purer, sweeter, or more healthful—he sunk again into a calm sleep; while the woman in black bent over him and murmured, in a low voice:

"And he is the affianced of Eola!—of my child! Who more worthy of her? Who could make her more happy? Sleep on, Austin; you have a friend by you, whose aim is your happiness, and whose power shall yet destroy the enemies that surround you!"

When morning hued the azure vault with its first soft rays of gold and crimson, Wat Blake entered the house.

"Did you succeed, Wat?" she questioned, eagerly.

"No, sister; but take courage. Though it be my fault that we have failed, you shall soon thank me for my zeal. For I promise you the crescent shall be restored before a month goes by."

"Your words give me strength, Wat," but her voice was sad as she spoke.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, discovering Austin; "who is this?"

"Did I not tell you, last night, when I left you on Eutaw street, that Harold Haxon meant mischief?" See!—it was almost a murder. The base wretch fled when I confronted him, as well he might, when he thought his hand had, long ago, helped in

giving me to the fishes!" and she narrated fully the particulars concerning Austin's presence there.

"For our poor, wronged niece's sake, dear Wat, we must assist him."

"Ay, with my own life, I'll help him."

Blake retired to his room, while the woman in black continued to watch her charge.

It was after a few hours' refreshing sleep that he rejoined her.

A light request was spread in the dining-room, and, during the meal, she acquainted him with the necessity of removal.

"Now that they know where he is, Wat, they may make another attempt upon his life. We must leave at once—to-day."

Upon this point they agreed.

The young man was awake when they re-entered the parlor, and having attended to his wants, she said:

"This is my brother, Austin—Wat Blake."

He did not know his real weakness until he raised his hand to meet the friendly grip that waited him.

"Tell me, is my wound fatal?"

"No; not if you are quiet. Do not go to sleep again, if you can help it; but, be resigned while we leave you for a little while. There is no danger to you, here, in broad daylight."

"I am afraid of nothing," he interrupted, smiling faintly.

"But you are weak. We will not be gone long. Here is water, beside you."

Wat Blake went to order a cab, after which he joined his sister at the market.

When he had started in pursuit of Haxon and Bret, as already noticed, she took a car going west; soon leaving that, and entering a car of the Blue Line.

Alighting in the neighborhood of the Jewish Temple, she sought a neat-looking boarding-house, on Charles street, and dismissed the boy who accompanied her.

A pull at the door-bell was answered by the proprietress herself—a short, broad, healthy-faced, gurgulous old lady, with whom she was evidently well acquainted.

"Why, laws sakes! Who'd a thought to see you again, Mrs. Wernich," she exclaimed, bustling about to procure her visitor a chair. "I thought you'd gone from Baltimore, ever so long ago! Where on earth do you come from? And how 've you been? And what's been the matter—eh?"

"My dear Mrs. Lenner, I've scarcely time to answer all your inquiries just now; but, I'll be with you this evening, and you may question me all you please. Listen now—"

"Laws sakes! Are you going to come and live with me again? Well, tell me what a funny, funny world! I was telling Jacob, last night, at I s'posed you was 'way up in New Hampshire by this time; and now, here you are—well, well! But then, it's such a funny world, you know? And it was just last night, when here comes a poor little angel of a critter on the arm of a policeman, huntin' for a night's lodgin'! She's up-stairs now, bless her heart! And—"

"But, Mrs. Lenner, listen to me. Have you three vacant rooms?"

"I have, indeed; 'cause there's two on 'em ben'd a month, 'sides the garret, 'at this darlin', angel of a critter has took only for a day or two; and one of my boarders left to-day, to go to Washin'ton, and— But what on this earth do you want three for?"

"I have found my brother, Mrs. Lenner, and he is with me. Then there is a young man—"

"A young man!"

"Yes, I knew you could accommodate us in rooms, but feared your humble table would not be equal to two more hearty and unexpected eaters, at noon, so I brought you a basket of goodies. No questions, now, if you please; I will explain all this evening. Have the rooms fixed for us. We are coming at once. Now I must go—"

"My! my! my! Why, you ain't hardly sat down yet!"

"Good day, my dear Mrs. Lenner. Have the rooms ready."

She left the house, and hastened toward the cars.

Already too much time had elapsed since leaving Austin, and she was anxious for his comfort.

When she reached her home, Wat Blake was there, seated beside, and conversing with, Austin Burns.

"Well, dear Wat, you followed them?"

"In an undertone, and drawing him aside."

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"To a saloon, where, thinking they were alone, they discussed their situation. The leather bag given you by Louise Ternor, was a prize Gil Bret had counted on obtaining. At least, I judge so; for the ruffian told Haxon, that if they did not procure money immediately they were penniless."

"Ah! this is news. But, what else?"

"They have hit upon a plan to supply their wants. Haxon is to obtain the Black Crescent!"

"No! no! no!" she cried; "he must not get it! Oh! Wat, this must be prevented!"

"Never fear, sister. In the first place, we know he will not part with it. That accursed superstition of his is too strong. Haxon and Bret meet at the Golden Gates to-night at eight o'clock. Bret has the paper which gives them power over Forde. What that paper is, I know not; but, I will have it before to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, Wat, obtain it. But, oh! do you think the crescent is safe?"

"I do—Ah! there's the cab. How do you feel now, Burns?"

"Better—stronger; but, still very weak," replied Austin.

"Well, cheer now; here's the cab at the door, and we must get you into it. Then we'll soon have you in a comfortable bed."

Austin was seated, easily, in the cab, and when Blake had securely fastened the house, the vehicle, with its three occupants, moved slowly away.

Reaching Mrs. Lenner's, that lady learned, for the first time, that the young man was injured in some way, and Jacob, her husband, was brought, running, to their assistance.

While carrying Austin up-stairs—scarcely permitting his feet to touch the steps—they encountered a shrinking form upon the first landing, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the woman in black paused abruptly.

"Marian Mead!"

"She it was; and, as she heard that voice, she sprang forward and threw her arms around the other's neck."

"Oh! are you here? I'm so glad! I know you are my friend."

The woman in black was about to speak, when she heard Austin Burns cry out, in feeble tones:

"Blake! Blake! there's Eola! I'd know her dear voice wherever I heard it! Call her to me! I must see her!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 80.)

Overland Kit:
OR,
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.
"JOHN" SPEAKS.

"ALIVE? What? Sho'?"

A perfect babel of sounds rose on the air. The excitement was contagious. Judge Jones alone preserved his calmness; like a statue he sat in his chair, his face ashen pale, and his breath coming quick and hard.

"Up at the Eldorado rancho!" answered Jim. "This heathen toted him off last night an' tended him like a Christian. The yaller-skinned cuss didn't know till a little while ago that the gal was a being tried for his murder; an' when he found out, he come down like a man for to spit it out!"

Then the crowd made a rush through the door for the Eldorado. The man from Red Dog picked up the heathen in his arm as if he had been a baby, and, aided by his long legs, was soon in the advance of the crowd. The jury even yielded to the contagion, and, forgetting all about the prisoner, ran after the spectators and the armed guard.

With a single bound, Jimmie leaped into Dick's arms. Again she felt the warm embrace which brought such joy to her heart.

When the lovers looked around, they found that they were alone, for Judge Jones, too, had disappeared. Talbot noticed his absence in an instant.

"Hallo! where did the Judge go?" he said, in astonishment; "he didn't pass by us, I'll swear!"

Then Talbot's eyes caught sight of a small door in the other end of the building.

"He must have gone through there," he exclaimed.

"That leads into the shed where he keeps his horse," Jimmie said.

"Yes, I know it," Talbot answered.

Then the sound of a horse's hoofs rung out on the air. Talbot ran to the window just in time to catch sight of the Judge galloping off.

"He must have had his horse all ready saddled," Talbot said, thoughtfully. "He was prepared, then, for flight; but, is it for good?"

"He fears your vengeance, Dick," Jimmie said.

"He has nothing to fear from me; there is another who will strike him," Dick replied.

Then the two left the express office and proceeded to the hotel.

The crowd raced up the street, and, headed by the Chinaman, soon had the satisfaction of gazing on the face of Gains Tendall.

The young man was very faint from loss of blood; could not even speak, but he still lived, and one of the citizens who professed to be a doctor, after examining him, gave his opinion that he would recover.

The heathen Chinese had selected a strange lodging-place for the senseless man. The shanty, dignified by the title of hotel, was raised some three feet from the ground by massive boulders; the space under was boarded in. The sagacious son of the East had removed a couple of loose boards in the floor behind the bar, carried the senseless man under the flooring, and, with the blankets taken from his own bunk, arranged a bed for him.

What in thunder did you hide him down here for?" asked Bill, in astonishment, as he assisted to remove the almost lifeless man from his place of concealment.

"Melican man—come back—kill him more," replied the heathen.

"Sho! Did you see who went for him?" asked Haynes, in astonishment.

"Me see—alle time," said the Chinaman, grinning.

"Who? Who was it?" asked the crowd, anxiously.

"He telle—alle same—John no like—Melican man kill he, too," answered the cautious child of the Sun.

The miners at once came to the conclusion that Ah Ling had seen the murder committed, but that the murderer was a stranger to him.

"Me hide—see Melican man kill—he no like telle—how can he?"

The crowd guessed at the mystery. The Chinese had seen the murder committed and the assassin depart; then had seen Renet and Bill discover the body and heard the message dispatched to the Judge. Then he had entered the room by the window and removed the body. Such was their solution of the riddle. But, the true one was—the Chinaman had entered the room immediately after the assassin had departed; had examined the body and discovered that Gains still lived; then, surprised by Renet and Bill, he had sought refuge under the bed and seized the first opportunity to remove the helpless man through the aid of the window.

Talbot and Jimmie had joined the crowd and listened attentively. A strange expression came over the face of Injun Dick as he heard the heathen's story. He seized an early opportunity to speak with the Chinese apart, but the information he gained he kept to himself.

Restoratives were applied to the wounded man, and the crowd waited anxiously till he should revive and speak the name of his assassin.

CHAPTER XLIII.
JUSTICE.

RIDING northward by the side of the Reese, mounted upon a wiry gray pony, was a pale and haggard man.

The flanks of the animal showed the lather of the rapid gallop and the dark stains of the cruel spurs. Foam fell from the mouth of the horse. He had evidently been pressed at his topmost speed.

The moon was rising in the heavens, already dotted over with myriad stars. The cold, white peaks of the frowning Sierra pierced the sky like giant icebergs. The pines rustled softly in the breeze and their peculiar balsamic odor filled the air.

But the traveler—fugitive rather—heeded not the rising moon, the rustle of the pines, nor the perfume that floated on the bosom of the clear mountain air.

The mask, wig and beard were dashed to earth.

"Injun Dick stood revealed in Overland Kit!" "I do not deny my crimes," the Judge said, in a tone which told plainly that at heart he was utterly without hope. "I attempted to kill Gains Tendall. He knew me in the East; knew of a crime that I committed there, and the consequences of which forced me to fly and seek shelter here. He met me in Spur City and recognized me. I paid him to keep silence; but fearing that, in some drunken spree, he might reveal my secret, I determined to kill him."

"And the letter written by him, which you read at the trial?"

"Was written to and received by me. It was accident alone that led to Jimmie being accused of the murder. After I had stabbed my victim, I passed out into the hall and threw the knife into the first door that came handy. It happened to be her room. Then, when I was called up by Ginger Bill, I guessed at once by his words that Jimmie was implicated, and the devilish idea came into my head to profit by the accident. I thought that I could force her to give you up and become mine to save herself. When Renet pulled the paper out of her trunk, I picked it up and examined it; your name and hers coupled together, with some few loving words, were scribbled over the page. The idea struck me at once to substitute for it Tendall's letter to me, which was about the same size. I placed it in my pocket-book; then presented the other to Renet for his signature, so as to identify it. The name of Jimmie I forged at the top of the page afterward."

"Jones, you've been a great scoundrel for a man with as little pluck as you have," Talbot said, in contempt. "I know it," the Judge replied, coolly; "had not my heart failed me, you would never have won this girl. I played a bold game, but lacked courage. But now I am braver than I have ever been in all my life, for I sit here, calmly, waiting for my death-shot."

"Hang it!" cried Talbot, irresolutely. "I know that you deserve death, but, with all my wild, reckless actions, I never yet attacked a defenseless man. I'll give you a chance for your life. Draw your revolver; I'll not fire until your weapon is cocked and at the level."

"I thank you for your fair offer, but I can not accept it," Jones said, slowly. "Never again, as long as Heaven lets such a miserable wretch as I am live, will I attempt to take a human life. I am not a young man; I have crimes enough on my soul now without attempting more."

"Are you in earnest?" Talbot asked, doubtfully.

"I hope so," Jones replied, solemnly. "Then wither by my arm if I raise it against you!" cried Talbot, quickly. "In the future I, too, hope to lead a new life—in that life to atone for the errors of the past. Judge, we'll cry quits, and each go on our separate ways."

"I can only say that, if there ever comes a day when you need mercy, may you receive it," the Judge responded.

"Jones, I don't quite trust you!" cried Talbot, suddenly. "You have been such a thoroughly bad man that I fear treachery. Throw down your revolver and then ride past me. When I am round the bend you can return and pick up your weapon."

"I do not blame you for your doubt," the Judge said, slowly.

Then he drew the revolver from its pocket and dropped it to the ground. The weapon struck the rock and exploded. The Judge straightened up in the saddle with a low groan, and then fell heavily to the earth. When Talbot, horror-stricken at the accident, dismounted and reached his side, Judge Jones was beyond mortal aid. The ball had entered the breast, passed upward, tearing the lungs, and death had come almost instantly.

Spur City was astonished when Jimmie announced his intention of disposing of the Eldorado. Still more so, when Gains Tendall recovered so as to be able to speak, and declared that his assailant was Judge Jones. Then the miners understood why the Heathen Chinee, on the night of the attack, hearing Judge Jones sent for, should attempt to hide away the wounded man; they comprehended now what he meant by—"Melfian man comme back—killee some more."

Talbot had quite a long interview with Bernice. It was a painful one to both, for, though Bernice's love for Talbot was but the childish fondness for her cousin, Patrick Gwynne, fostered by constant thought into a passion, still, as she had allowed it to take full sway over her nature, the struggle to conquer it was necessarily a difficult and painful one.

"Bernice," said Talbot, at parting, "forget that such a person as Patrick Gwynne ever lived; he has been dead to the world for years; he will never come to life again. Take the fortune; dead Patrick Gwynne can not use it."

"But, Dick Talbot," she asked. "Will seek some place far from here, and there, by honest labor, carve out a new fortune and a new name. I have another life now, besides my own, to care for. For her sake I will avoid temptation. If it had not been for a certain high United States official at Austin, Overland Kit would never have been heard of. He tempted me; there was really no bloodshed in it—though it is worse than weakness for me to attempt to excuse it in any way—and I yielded. There was a wild excitement in the life that suited my reckless nature. But, that is all over now."

"And so they parted. The man-from-Red-Dog was inconsolable when he learned that Injun Dick was going away. He pleaded long and earnestly to be allowed to go with him, but Dick replied that it could not be, and the result was that the man-from-Red-Dog went on an awful 'tare,' and offered to fight all Spur City, single-handed, just for the 'fun of the thing.'"

Bernice and old Mr. Renet returned to New York, much to the latter's delight. Still, he often chuckles a little over his appearance as counsel in the impromptu mining court.

Toward the Pacific coast a long wagon-train winds its way. The setting sun is tinting the peaks of the Sierra, golden, purple and ruby.

In the rear of the train ride Talbot and Jimmie, Talbot mounted on the famed brown mare, but bearing no longer the blaze in the forehead and the four 'stockings,' for the paint that gave the animal those noted marks has been washed off.

The soft rays of sunlight play upon the

golden-red locks of the girl as though they loved there to dwell.

Talbot's arm is around her waist, her head upon his shoulder.

"Are you happy?" he asked, tenderly kissing the low forehead.

"Yes, so—so happy," she murmurs, in reply, her eyes bright, her cheeks slightly flushed.

THE END.

Mr. Aiken's new romance, now in hand, and which will soon be given to eager readers, is one to surprise even the most expectant. It has long been a favorite theme in the author's brain, and has come forth in a form that must redound greatly to the reputation of the writer of "Overland Kit," "The Wolf Demon," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc. The new serial is one of the South-west—giving full scope to his remarkable characterizations of Indians, Hunters, Rangers, Miners, etc., and having, as its chief actor, a most singular man, whose mad valor and wild career seem well to qualify him for his title—the Madman of the Plains.

The Ocean Girl: OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.
A STORMY INTERVIEW.

NED knew the way too well to require any guide, and in another moment he was at the foot of the companion-way, knocking at the bulkhead in which the door was cut.

"Come in," said the deep, commanding voice of Ganntling.

Ned obeyed, and as he turned the handle, a flood of light fell upon him. The cabin was no longer so peaceful-looking as before. The disguise which, in case of disagreeable visits, had been affected off Sheppey, was thrown aside; and though the apartment was much like most cabins, its mixture of the luxurious and the martial was, to say the least, singular. There were two dark cannons in the room, which, by the judicious removal of all unnecessary gear, could be changed, in a very few minutes, into a well-appointed battery.

The walls literally bristled with muskets, pistols, sabers, half-pikes, boarding-axes, and all the manifold implements of marine warfare, and in the midst of this Captain Ganntling sat with his bottle, glass, and pipe, smiling grimly at the scene around, as if proud to be monarch of all he surveyed.

"Ah, Ned, so it was you. And pray to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" he said, in a rather thick voice.

"It remains to be proved, sir, whether it be a pleasure or not."

"Ah! what have we here, my Lord High Admiral? Speak out, I am ready to answer," laughed Ganntling, grimly.

"As my object is to ask questions, I am glad to find you in the humor. Is the Duke of Kent the vessel you intended me to board?"

"It is, and very cleverly you have done it."

"Is Sir Stephen Rawdon, who, with my old friend, Loo, his daughter, is on board, the man whom you call mine enemy?"

"He is," replied Ganntling, now with a truly savage gleam in his cruel gray eyes.

"Then I beg to say he is my friend, and that I will defend him at the peril of my life and in defiance of the wicked oath which you compelled me to take," said Edward, with calm-spoken words, but a heaving breast and flashing eye, indicative of his deep emotion.

"Boy," cried Ganntling, whose passions were aroused, and whose face indicated the tempest within, "but for that man, I had no need to have been a buccaneer. Instead of dreaming of sovereignty in the sunny isles of the south, where dusky beauties welcome you with open arms, and perpetual summer creates a paradise on earth, I should have lived honored and respected in my own land. But it was not to be. I had to leave my profession, dishonored. I was broke—and by them. From that hour I have vowed eternal enmity to both—one still lives."

"And the other?" gasped Ned.

"Look not at me so," said Ganntling, with a shudder; "none can say that innocent blood rests on my hands. He had the same chance as I had, and shot at me. He missed—I did not—and he died."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"Tis past now, boy, and not worth mentioning. Even this duel was turned against me. They said he would never have met me on an equality; that I had waylaid and murdered him, and that after death I had discharged his pistol. So they hunted me down as an assassin, drove me away, an outlaw, from my native shores, to return a scourge and a terror. Yes, I had my revenge to the full."

"You have, then, tried, doubtless," said Ned, in a colder tone than he usually adopted to his old officer; "but these details just now can be of no interest to me."

"No interest to you?" laughed Ganntling, savagely; "who knows? If you were less obstinate, they might be."

"Captain Ganntling," continued Edward Drake, firmly, "even if these details personally concern myself, they must be adjourned."

"Must, sir—and why?" asked Ganntling, with a menacing look.

"Because, unless I have your solemn word, and that I think I can trust to, that nothing more shall be attempted against Sir Stephen Rawdon and his daughter, immediately on my return I will have Jabez Grunn and his lot put in irons, and the guns double-shot, to give you a warm reception."

"Mad! mad! stark, staring mad!" said Ganntling, wildly, as he strode the cabin, with fierce and angry steps. "Put Jabez in irons! double-shot the guns!"

"I am not mad."

"And you talk thus to me? Will you allow me to ask you who you may be?"

"Naval Cadet Edward Drake, of the admiral's flag-ship Bellerophon."

Ganntling stood back aghast. A livid pallor spread over his face, his lips quivered, his eyes seemed ready to start from his head, while his fingers mechanically felt for his pistols. Edward faced him, also pale, but firm and resolved. There was not one atom of fear in that manly attitude. Like Nelson, he knew no fear.

"And pray, sir, is there any other remark his Majesty's naval cadet wishes to make to Joseph Ganntling?" he asked.

"Yes! I have to complain that Jabez Grunn has once already attempted murder

on my person, and I have every reason to believe he will put a pistol-ball through my head, the first chance he gets."

"Indeed! As that is a pleasure I reserve to myself, and intend to enjoy shortly, I will trounce the fellow for daring to forestall me."

"Captain Ganntling," said Ned, "a truce to idle threats. Have you no memory of our old friendship? Can not you give up this one scheme, and repair many evil deeds of the past by this one generous action? The world is all before you where to choose. Your island kingdom, with its flowery harvests and hopeful delights, awaits you. Why go there red-handed?"

"Will you go with me?" hoarsely cried Ganntling.

"No. My association with Sir Stephen has re-awakened the slumbering echoes of conscience, and I will, cabin-boy or captain, follow my career honestly."

"And begin by betraying the one who has brought you up from childhood," pursued the buccaneer.

"Human life is sacred, and my duty plain. But why not release me from my wicked oath, instead of forcing me to break it?"

"Which you never shall, spawn of Satan! whelp of a vile brood!" cried Ganntling, beside himself with passion.

At the same moment he drew a pistol, cocked it, and leveled it full at the boy's heart.

"On your knees, beg my pardon, and renew your oath!" he screamed, vehemently.

"Never! Dye your hand in blood, if you will; but death before dishonor!"

He then bawled Ganntling.

"He pulled the trigger, the cabin was filled with smoke, but when it cleared away, Ned stood white but undaunted, in the same position, his lips muttering a prayer inaudibly."

"Nein! nein! none of that—donner and blitzen—none of that—hagel and wetter, you forget who is—nein! nein!" cried Dirtrick, who had struck up the pistol; he whispered in the captain's ear, "not father and son."

"Devil! out of the way—how dare you come here?"

"Blitzen and donner—you called loud enough. But what is the matter?"

"Ask Captain Ganntling," said Ned, coldly.

"Yaw! yaw! I see—quarrel—both hasty, make it up, smoke a pipe in the best hands."

"Never. No more connection for me with Captain Joseph Ganntling. Open the door; the wind is rising, and I must go."

"That I did not kill you," said the buccaneer, with a fearful oath, "I am glad, for many reasons. But, by Heavens, you must think me a fool to let you go. No, you are the thief of King George's commissions of Jabez Grunn avails with me now. Here you have come of your own accord, and here, my young bantling, you will remain, to grow as much as you like; but you do not thwart my plans."

And pushing Dirtrick before him, he went on deck.

Ned was confounded, but ever ready at expedients, he rushed to a narrow open port.

"Are you there, boys?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"One moment."

With a pencil he wrote these words on a stiff sheet of paper:

"Grunn and the men who shipped with him are pirates. I am a prisoner. Avoid St. Helena, and sail to the westward. Make Juan Fernandez in preference."

"Here, boys, give this to the admiral."

"Now, then, cut off that boat," cried the stern voice of Captain Ganntling.

"The young reefer who had the impudence to come here, is a runaway cabin-boy of mine, and I mean to keep him."

The boys made no reply, but pulled away with a will, Ned Drake watching them with a dreamy sort of interest, which seemed wholly centered in others, and not at all in himself. He could hear the lazy swash of the water, and could see the Indian net more than three-quarters of a mile off, her black bows dipping as she rose out of the swell, and through the vapory haze he could make out the signal to return.

There were evidently signs of wind; and as a vessel like the brigantine would soon feel it, she was not long before she began to move. Then Edward made out the boat being lifted up quickly by a whip from the boom end, and then a great confusion reigned on the Indian's decks.

Men ran aloft, sails were let fall, and every preparation made, he fancied, for a chase.

Two minutes later there was a flash, then a report, and a ball came whizzing along the surface of the water. Then came a furious tramping overhead, and Ned heard the buccaneer giving his orders for flight. The Indian, prepared with heavy guns, crowded with sailors and soldiers, over a hundred of whom had embarked at Gravesend, was not to be lightly faced by the brigantine.

As soon as the changing positions of the vessels of the Duke of Kent from the sight of Ned, he closed the port, and lay down on a couch, the apartment being amply lighted by means of a massive silver lamp, that doubtless came from some Roman Catholic cathedral.

Scarcely had he done so when Captain Ganntling returned. His face was more calm and serene. All trace of passion had fled, and he was the same collected seaman his people always found him whenever there was any danger.

"So, sir, the admiral wants to fight for his new officer," he said, with a gay laugh.

"Sir Stephen is strangely attached to me."

"Indeed!" half sneered Ganntling; "but harkee, Ned, you and I are now on different tacks, but we need not be savage enemies. Hear me out. I shall try and carry out my plans in spite of you; my making you a prisoner releases you from all engagements. Do what you can to serve your friends—so will I to serve my designs; but hang it, don't let us altogether forget we are messmates and shipmates."

"Captain Ganntling," while a prisoner here, I presume you will treat me like a gentleman, and I will behave the same. But of our differences not a word. Your mind is made up; so is mine. Let us speak of other things."

And the buccaneer struck a slight blow on a Chinese gong, which, with many other similar knicknacks, was suspended from one of the beams of the upper deck, within reach of his hand.

A cabin boy appeared.

"Let us have supper—quick. The wind is freshening, and I shall be wanted on deck soon."

The serving youth retired, and soon returned with one of those dainty suppers which the man of the world knew so well how to order and enjoy; being in this like to most men of genius, who dine when other men eat. The two things, gastronomically considered, are as different as a China teacup and a pig's trough. The buccaneer had inoculated Ned somewhat with his taste, and the lad knew therefore the pleasures of a good dinner.

But Ganntling did not press him now. He merely put before him delicacies that might have tempted a saint on a fast day; also exquisite wines, not your fiery ports and sherries, but delicate and seductive juice of the grape, that steals softly over a man's senses, and lifts him gently into elysium, without the slightest vestige of intoxication.

And when by slow and insidious degrees he had led him to take a glass or two, when his pale cheek glowed, and his eyes flashed, and his breath was quick, the buccaneer began one of his most entrancing stories of adventure. They were told so well, that they had a charm of freshness and excitement about them, the power of which he well knew over one at Edward's age. It was the better side of piracy, admirably painted by a skillful hand, that had won the boy's former adhesion to the bold career of a free trader, and the captain saw no reason why the same influence should not be successfully brought to bear again.

When he had worked him up to the required pitch, he stopped.

"And now, my hearty—though you are not one of my creed—come on deck; we shall have a dirty night."

They went, and to judge from appearances, they were about to have a dirty night.

The sun had dipped into the sea, the shades of night had gathered over the vast surface of the illimitable waste—nothing could be seen but the chill and gloomy element.

It was more than half dark, with heaps of clouds lengthening out blacker every moment. Where the sun had been, high aloft in the heavens, was a small orange-colored lurid speck, which seemed to look down upon the deepening gloom.

"Tis an ox eye," said Ned; "we shall have a regular tornado."

"We shall, my boy," replied Captain Ganntling, sadly; "and such a pupil as you have been, to desert me! What a thing it would be, if you were to change your mind. By heaven! I would resign my command to help you, and obey my bold boy buccaneer."

"It's very tempting, certainly."

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" said a hoarse voice at some little distance.

"Here we are; what ship is that?"

"No ship, but a very long boat: and Jabez Grunn came on board to wring the neck of that cursed young reefer."

CHAPTER XI.
JABEZ GRUNN.

JABEZ GRUNN had seen Edward Drake's departure for the Ocean Girl, with undisguised apprehension and alarm. He could by no means unravel the mystery, which made the youth, who had been the pet and favorite of the captain, all at once their enemy. That he was about to oppose their piratical expedition, he felt certain, though his motive was beyond his ken.

The ugly foretopman watched the boat go away, from his usual berth in the rigging, when not employed elsewhere. He distinctly saw the small craft return without the midshipman, and he reasoned that, in all probability, the buccaneer and the youth had had an explanation. He hastily summoned his comrades, and in order to be prepared for the worst, they all armed themselves, and while the lads were making their report in the cabin, they hauled up the boat right into the bows. Though the chain slings were all ready to hook into the rings, no one had thought fit to hoist until the report was made.

Each man then took his kit, and dropped it down into the clinker jolly, after which he himself followed.

Creeping up the bowsprit, and lowering himself to where the martingale guy alone stood between him and the water, Jabez Grunn bided his time.

He had not long to wait. He saw the first-mate come forward, while the captain, Sir Stephen, and others, stood together on the quarter-deck.

"Send all the men aft," said the first officer to the second.

"Ay, ay, sir."

And in five minutes more, the whole crew that could be found, were mustered around the mainmast.

"How many are missing?" asked the skipper, looking round the astonished group.

"Seven, I think, sir. Jabez Grunn and the fellows who shipped with him," replied the second-mate.

"Find them, sir. Take ten men you can depend upon, and put these rascals in irons. They are pirates, and have come on board to rob and murder us all."

"Boat ahoy!" roared a look-out in the maintop.

"Where away?" cried the skipper, rushing to the side.

"Stealing away to windward," replied the look-out.

"Come back, or I will fire," continued the skipper. "Out with the guns. The villains have stolen my boat."

All was hurry and confusion for a moment, and muskets were rapidly found, but by the time they were able to take aim, the boat was a dark speck on the ocean, the night having fallen suddenly upon the great deep.

The anger of the captain could only be equalled by the sorrow of the admiral, who saw the career of his young and hopeful protegee thus cut short. He had some suspicions of the reasons which actuated Drake, having an intuitive belief that the boy himself was honest and sincere. His coming on board appeared part of a great scheme to secure the Indianman. It was clear, too, that Edward had sacrificed himself on the altar of duty, and had left his friends in order to be of service to them. Poor Loo quite cried, especially when she found the note which Ned had written to her.

A sharp look-out was kept for the pirate, as the crew and officers of the Duke of Kent had no fear of her now. That, with accomplices on board, and by a clever surprise, they might have been overpowered, was quite possible; but armed and manned as she was, they had no fear for the result.

The admiral's object was to wait until morning, chase the buccaneer, disable her if possible, and then propose a ransom for

the lad. Had the vessel been a man-of-war, duty and inclination both, would have made Sir Stephen fight; but the Indianman was better qualified to defend herself than to assume the offensive.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 79.)

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BY DAVID PAULING.

A beauty? Yer orter see'd her mother! Yer wouldn't ax ter see another! She war tall and straight, her hair in curls. Fell down her back. Edgely like the girl's. How did she die? I'm agittin' for that! That's whar it happened, on Shaky Flat.

The level bit o' ground over ther river, Think it's got ther ager with its' ternal shiver. Bess, ther old woman, she war too good fur me, She had I'arnin', she had, and not stuck up. She! Wal, she and I war as happy as two doves 'Til a stranger kem and stepped 'twixt our loves.

He war from ther clearin's, and purty well knowledged. He wars purfessor or student in some sort of college.

And ther day he stopped to rest hisself, he war orful purtite, but war, ter both Bess and me. He staid three weeks, and I never thought no hurt. Wal, you wouldn't like 'er been in his shirt.

One day I kem hum and Bess war gone out. I thought nothin' wrong, but went nosing about. Ther house 'til I spied a note; it told ther tale and she'd gone with ther stranger—she left this yere land!

I gripped old kill-devil, my gun, and kissed my darter. Ther war blood in my heart as I started arter.

I kem in eight jest yere; I raised my gun; Ther purfessor dropped; Bess started and run. Straight fur ther flat, I called, but 'twara' no use. She war skeered and she flew like a goose. In the center of ther flat she stood—me on firm land—

And she sunk lower and lower in ther shivering sand.

The Traitor Page.

BY C. D. CLARK.

LONDON, in the days of the "good Queen Bess." The London of that day was not the London of the present, yet it was a great city, famous for its wealth, its learning and power even in that day. The streets are crowded with pedestrians, and sedan chairs are passing to and fro, from the curtains of which beauties in heavy silks, high starched ruffs and plumed head-dresses, peep out into the street. Gay cavaliers are passing, some on foot, some on horseback, their spurs clanking on the pavements. The dominant garb is the short doublet of silk, knee-breeches, shoes confined by broad buckles—usually of some precious metal—and white-brimmed hats with drooping feather fastened to the side. All wore swords, which were as much a part of their attire in that day as the doublet.

A cavalier was passing rapidly down one of the principal streets, clad in this fashion, with the exception that he wore a heavy cloak, reaching below the waist, thrown over his shoulders. He walked with a quick, erect, military stride, and it was plain to see that he was a soldier. His business seemed to hurry him, for he looked neither to the right nor left, never heeding the glances of admiration which he received from bright eyes as he passed. He wore his hair long, after the manner of the gentry of the day, and it fell in rich brown curls upon his shoulders. His beard was closely cut, except the drooping mustache, at that time only worn by the gentry and soldiers. Feeling a light hand laid upon his shoulder, he turned quickly and saw a page, whose dress was an exact copy of his own in every respect, for the pages of quality aped the manners and costumes of their masters. The boy had a short, cunning face, and a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and had a pair of saucy air, peculiar to his race, who lived in an atmosphere of intrigue.

"Ha, Ralph Ringbird," cried the cavalier. "Are you there? Speak, then."

"I can speak when I see occasion, and hold my tongue when it is necessary, Sir Wilton," said the boy, hesitantly.

"Be not malapert, young sir," said the cavalier, frowning, "lest I find it necessary to comb thy hair for thee. What is your message?"

"How know you that I have a message, fair sir?" said the boy, sneeringly. "By'r lady, it is not of my own will that I come to you, I promise you."

"There, then," said the cavalier, putting money in the boy's hand. "Let that content thee."

"Nothing sooner, good sir," said the boy, changing his tone. "If I saw thy hand in thy purse oftener, perhaps I might serve thee better. I am commissioned to lead you by the way you wot of, to visit a fair lady."

"Is it so, good youth?" cried the cavalier, joyfully. "Give me good service, and thou shalt find I know how to recompense it. Lead on quickly."

The boy moved a few paces in advance, and for some time they proceeded in silence, the gentleman merely following the lead of his companion. At last they paused before a large building, the gate of which they passed, and turning into another street found a small door in the wall, which the page opened by means of a key, which he took from his doublet. The cavalier followed him in, and the door was locked behind him.

"It will be well for me if our good Queen Bess does not know the part I am taking in this business, for my head might come to the block sooner than I wish," said Ringbird.

"Then you expect the fate some time, friend Ralph?" said the cavalier.

"Why not? Our family are famous for it, since the days of old Ralph Ringbird, chief equerry to the good King William, the Norman, who was beheaded because he knew too much. I am like to have the same fate one day. But, what care I? What will be will be, and I will live as merry a life as I can until the day shall come."

"Forward, good Ralph, I beg you."

"I am going," said Ralph. "You will not move so blithely to the block, when it comes your turn to pass from the town to the traitor's gate."

"Ha, young hound! I will throttle you if you breathe that word again. Let me tell you that the race of Blount are never traitors."

"Good lack, there are many degrees of traitorism, my captain. Take your hand from my throat, or I guide you no further. Ask yourself the question whether you had better be my friend or mine enemy."

The cavalier, who, in his wrath, had seized the boy by the neck, removed his hand and signed to him to go on. They entered by a low arched doorway, passed through many corridors, and arrived at a room richly furnished and evidently the ante-room to a lady's boudoir.

Remain here, Sir Wilton, and I will let my lady know that you are come," said the page. He disappeared by an inner door, and a moment after there was a rattle of

silks, and a beautiful woman entered—so beautiful that even the absurd fashions of the day could not deform her. The cavalier sprang forward, caught her white hand in his and pressed his lips upon it, and the look in her fair face was enough to show that she loved him and would make any sacrifice for his sake.

"You sent for me, Lady Anne," he said, in a passionate tone. "It needed no more than that to bring me to your feet."

"Ah, Wilton," she said, "if we but lived in a land where the will of a woman could not put this restraint upon us and force us to meet by stealth. Even now I am putting your life in jeopardy because I desired to see you."

"What do I care for that, Anne? To see you, to look into your face, is worth a life to me. I know that you love me and have given me a heart worth the wealth of all the world. What right has this woman, although a queen, to come between us?"

"Hush, Wilton Blount! You know not what you say. The name of our queen is a tower of strength, and for less than you have said men have found the Tower and the block."

"If she will play the tyrant to those who have loved her, she must lose their respect. The Blounts have been loyal, but I for one will not have a woman, be she queen or peasant, dictate to me whom I shall love."

The sharp face of Ralph Ringbird was thrust through the curtains listening intently, and a terrible look passed over it at these words. It was well for him that the lovers were too much engaged with each other to take notice, or they would have seen him.

"Listen to me, my love," said Wilton Blount. "You know that I have been in the service of France, although I have never lifted my sword against England, and never will. With the French King I can do any thing, and in his country I can find an asylum. You, Lady Anne Burton, are maid of honor to the queen, and she has promised your hand to one of her favorites, Dorset. Do you love him?"

"Wilton!"

"I am answered. Then let us leave the land where our loves can only make trouble and seek with the King of France a refuge and a home. You know that, if you stay here, the queen can force you to marry Dorset. The ship in which we can embark has permission to depart. Her sails are bent and she only waits her passengers. Remember that, if my purpose here were known, I have not a week to live. Will you fly with me?"

"Oh, Wilton, I can not do that!"

"Then I will see the queen, and tell her what I think of one who sunders faithful hearts."

"No, no, not that. You little know the queen if you think to do it."

"I know that the Tower shall be my resting-place this night, but I can bear this no longer."

"I will go with you, Wilton, but the danger is terrible unless we go to-night."

"To-night it shall be! Let me tell you all my plans."

He drew her to a seat on a divan, and while they talked the ears of Ralph Ringbird were open. When he had heard enough, he stole softly away, and when once out of hearing, gave free rein to his joy.

"I have them," he muttered. "By all the saints, my fortune is made. Now to my Lord of Dorset, to tell him what I have heard."

He was about to leave the mansion, when one of Lady Anne's maids met him.

"You are to stay here, Ralph," she whispered. "Do not leave until Sir Wilton Blount is safe out of the building, for your life."

"How long will he stay?" grumbled the page, somewhat taken aback.

"He must leave within the hour, for, before that time, Sir Henry may return, and if he sees Sir Wilton, all is lost. Go you to the street and keep good watch, and if you see your master, hasten in and let me know."

The boy went out sullenly, and the maid looked after him in doubt.

"He is not to be trusted," she said. "I have seen him too much in the company of Hubert, the page of Lord Dorset. I will warn Sir Wilton before he goes."

She found an opportunity to whisper a few words in the ear of the knight before the page returned. He started, and laid his hand upon his sword.

"It may be so, good Helen," he said. "I will take such means that he shall not betray me, and happen what will I will remember you. Be it understood that you accompany your lady wherever she may go, and I will bear in mind that you have been faithful to her through all. For this felon page, I will attend to him, and he shall see what it is to turn traitor to Wilton Blount."

The night came, and as the last glimpses of daylight began to disappear, two muffled figures stole out of the door in the wall through which Wilton had entered, and

were lost in the mazes of London. Not far off they were joined by a third person, a cavalier wrapped in a cloak and masked closely—masks were then so common that this would hardly be noticed. The two who came out were Lady Anne and her maid, and the cavalier who joined them was Sir Wilton Blount. They walked rapidly onward, and reached the river-side, near a great stone building, which was used by certain Jews as a storehouse. In the stream they could see, by the dim light, the masts and sails of the ship which was to convey them to France, and closer in a boat, containing two men, lay idly upon the water.

"We are watched," whispered Wilton to the ladies. "Conceal yourselves behind this building and wait for the result."

He hid himself within the projecting doorway and waited anxiously. In a moment the page appeared creeping from behind the building, evidently a spy upon them. Before he could cry out, the iron fingers of Sir Wilton had closed upon his throat with such a fell clasp that crying out was simply impossible, even if he had dared, for the steel point of a rapier glittered at his breast, and he knew that he was in the hands of a man who would surely strike, and he made a motion of submission.

"Be careful now, Ralph," said Wilton. "I am about to loosen my clasp on your throat, and if you cry out, you are dead. Where are the men you have brought to take me?"

"They wait for my signal. Spare my life and I will not give it. Lord Dorset forced me to do it," gasped the page.

By way of reply Wilton dragged him behind the building where the terrified women crouched, and then signaled the boat. In five minutes they were on board the vessel, the traitor page in double-irons, and half an hour later the ship was speeding down the river with the tide in her favor.

The men of Dorset remained in hiding, waiting for the signal which was never given, and when they at last crept out and sent a spy to the river-side, the ship had disappeared in the night. Before many hours Sir Wilton Blount and his chosen bride were safe upon French soil, where the king more than fulfilled his promise, and the monarch himself gave away the bride.

Ralph Ringbird was released and permitted to return to England, and went into the service of Dorset; and when that noble-

"Arter he got recuperated, es he called it, he tole us how, clost by ther second chief's village on the Big Horn, thar war a mount in uv jess solid silver, he said, an' thet, 'stead uv rocks an' dornick, es we generally see croppin' outen the ground, thar war great hunks uv silver ore, so rich thet it war worth the pure stuff most pound fur pound."

"I tell yur, boyees, sech talk es thet did make our fly-traps leak, an' when he hauled out a big specimint uv the ore, we struck hands an' swore we'd jine him of the trail led to h—"

"We warn't long a-gittin' reddy. Thar warn't much to do, only lay in plenty uv powder an' lead, an' a few extrys, an' then turn our faces west'ard, keep our eyes peeled fur red-skins, an' foller our noses."

"We found the Cheyennes wide awake an' p'issin' fur skepps, an' the closer we got to the Big Horn the more uv 'em we found, till, durn my ole leathers, ef they warn't es plentiful es checkir-back grasshoppers in dog days."

"What a sight o' dodgin' an' crawlin' an' snakin' it thar war to be shore."

"But, we war too menny fur the imps, an' so, arter a week uv this work, we re'ched the wally uv the Big Horn one dark night, an' camped into a heavy bit uv timber, whar we thought they mout give us the go by."

"Yur see, our Kaintuck chap know'd ev'ry inch uv the ground, an' more, too, an' he sed es how 'twum' likely the Cheyennes 'd stumble onto us whar we lay."

"But he war wrong thar, mighty wrong he war, an' by his blowin' this way kem durned him causin' the hull lot uv us to lose our ha'r."

"A war-party war leavin' the village the very day arter we arriv', which uv course war lucky fur us, on'y it kem monstrous nigh bein' unlucky."

"Ther trail they went out on run clost by ther thicket, mobby a dozen rods er so from whar we war hid."

"We lay a-watchin' the red-skins es they filed past, when, all at onc', Dick Blakey sez, 'Boyees! look thar!' An' ef thar warn't a cussed imp a-comin' plum center onto us, may I be chawed by perairy dogs."

"I heard half a dozen rifles click, but them es cocked 'em kem to thar senses an' didn't shoot."

"Which way outen this, Billee?" sez Dick, a-whisperin'.

"I hed got my lariar off'n ther saddle, an'

"By a cupple uv hours, arter dark we war at the place, our trail all kivered so 's a double-nose p'inter couldn't 'a' follered, an' reddy fur a look arter the stuff as had fetched us thar."

"We soon found that Kaintuck hadn't stretched the blanket, not an inch."

"The ore fairly crapped outen the groun', an' great chunks uv the solid could be knocked loose wif our hammers."

"Long to'ards daybreak, yur see, we war workin' in a place whar the Injuns hed dug out, an' war usin' a torch, when one uv the boyees kem 'tarin' in with the word that the Injuns war onto us."

"He hed seen one standin' on a p'int uv rocks jess above whar we war at work."

"We let loose all holts an' traveled fur the cave, but thar warn't no attack, an' the night passed off quietly."

"Next day we laid low till to'ards evenin', an' then half uv us went minin', while t'others stayed on guard."

"We hedn't been at it long afore the feller as war on watch kem in reportin' Injuns ag'in."

"He hed seen one in ther same place as the night before."

"We made a rush, an' shore enuff thar stood a red-skin up on a p'int uv rock, his finger showin' out cl'ar ag'in the sky beyond."

"He never moved, nor yelled, nor north-thin' but purty soon he jess kinder went out like a—disappeared, yur know."

"We made fur ther cave ag'in in a hurry, I tell yur, but still thar warn't no attack."

"The next night it war the same, an' so it war fur three more arter thar. Yur see, the thing war gettin' ser'ous now, an' the boyees begin gettin' a leetle jess a leetle skeery."

"The fifth night I determined to watch myself. I knowed the moon, which war in the new, would give a good light, an' so's to see the thing better, I got cover within a short distance."

"The boyees worked away until long to'ards midnight, an' I war jess on the p'int uv goin' in an' givin' the word to quit, when all at onc' the Injun war thar!"

"The moon war shinin' bright, an' thar warn't a twig between him an' me, so I had a good squar' look at the imp."

"Well, boyees, I will say I don't never want to be scart ag'in like that, off'n they say."

"I felt my ha'r riz right up, an' my knees got kind er weakly under me, an' no wonder."

"Thar on thet rock, close enuff fur me to tech wif my rifle, wif his blanket wrapped around his shoulders, stood ther Injun Kaintuck hed killed, an' wuss'n all, thar war thet identical bouyer-knife a-stickin' into his veezin, an' the blood a-runnin' down his naked breast."

"It war lookin' straight at me, an' wif ther awfulest eyes thet ever emny human see."

"Scart? Why, thet ain't no name fur it! I war most dead, boyees, I war to a certainty. I dunno how I got back to whar the boyees war workin', but they sed I looked mostly like a corpus when I rushed in. When they went out to look, ther thing war gone."

"Well, Billee," asked one of the boys, as the other paused, "did you see it the next night?"

"Did I see it ther next night? 'Ee durned Jackass, do yur reckon I war goin' to stay thar? No, we didn't see it, fur ef thet ghost kept up with that party a-travelin' fur the settlements, he war a long-legged ghost, that's all I've got to say."

"No, sir-ee, we left them diggin's, an' may I never chaw bufler ag'in ef we didn't git in sech a hurry thet most all ther stuff war left behind."

"Now, boyees, this sounds cur, but it ar' true, every word uv it. I don't know how to explain ther circumstance, but I've told yur jess as it took place."

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